

DRUMMER



1924

THE DRUMMER

THE BOOK OF THE YEAR 1924

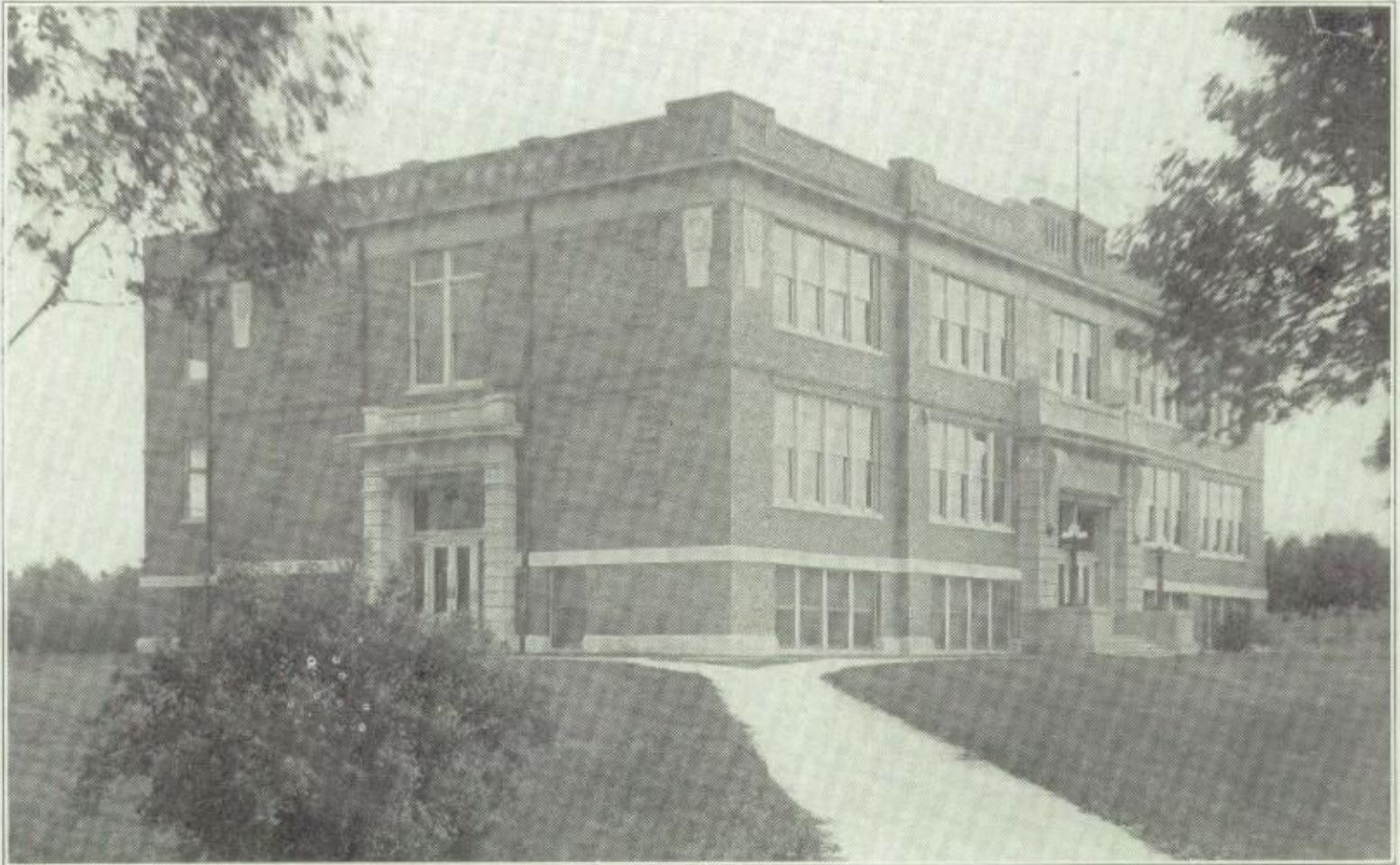
VOLUME XI



PUBLISHED BY THE SENIOR CLASS

DRUMMER TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

GIBSON CITY, ILLINOIS



DRUMMER—1940

In after years we'll wander back
To Drummer's classic hall,
Again those corridors we'll walk
And by-gone days recall.

There's the old clock upon the wall,
With its bell so loud and clear,
How it called us to our work
From our places far and near!

Washington still is there
With his crew—eleven strong;
The cold waves along the "Delaware"
Still dash the icy waves along.

The silver cup of '23
Still holds the place of state,
But—upon all sides of it
Loom others—beautiful and great.

But Memories alone remain—
All else has passed us by;
But still we love the dear old place,
That spot called Drummer High.

—Ruth Powell, '24.

We, the members of the Class of 1924, having completed our sojourn in Drummer, wish to dedicate this record of our lives and experiences to those who are the backbone of the school. In appreciation of the efforts put forth by the patrons of Drummer High to make our school life what it has been, we present this Annual as an expression of our gratitude.

GREETINGS

To those into whose hands this book perchance may fall and who may read these pages with kindly interest, with enthusiasm for the school, or with critical intent, we, the Drummer Staff, extend a hearty greeting.

To you the Students, Faculty, Alumni, and Board of Education, we would say, "Put yourself in a receptive mood before advancing further." If the trials, tribulations and vexations of the board stood out in the book as they did in its making we would surely say, "Go no further." However, we have survived and so may you. "Tread lightly, interpret freely, and forgive our crudeness."

There may be some who will be disappointed in the Drummer and whose standards the book does not reach. To such we would say, "We have done our best." There may be some to whom the quips seem not so funny as they do to us. To them we would say, "A joke's a joke for a' that." Upon the many whom we know will receive this book with hearty appreciation, we have relied for encouragement in the work.

That this Drummer may in years to come, recall scenes of our school days, afford amusement for some lonely hour, cause a laugh of mirth or a fond memory, to cheer sadness, or lighten heavy responsibility, is the wish of the

DRUMMER STAFF OF '24

SUPERINTENDENT'S GREETING

Patrons of Drummer Township High School:

It has been a long process in the history of mankind from the time man struggled for a bare existence, in the truly physical sense, until he arrived at the period where it was possible for him to devote some time and effort to things other than those intended merely to preserve his life. The comparatively rapid changes that have taken place in our standard of living in the last century have been due largely to a realization of the fact that the mind, if used properly, can remove many of the ordinary handicaps retarding the progress of the race.

But the mind, to function at its best, needs training; hence, our public school system, a device to supply a recognized need that the home is unable to give. How well this need is met in America depends, to a considerable degree, upon each local community. In our own community, whatever of worth whileness that is being done in D. T. H. S. is due in a large measure to the willingness of the patrons to lend their influence and to give their moral support to the promotion of ideals that make life worth living.

We are coming to realize more and more that the great objective in education is training for a composite citizenship. A citizenship that helps the individual to discriminate between seeming duties and real duties, as they relate themselves to other individuals, to the home, to the church, and to the state; a citizenship that will enable and urge the individual to perform these real duties in everyday life.

A school can best perform its task when it has the hearty co-operation of the patrons of the community. The big job of preparing our young people to-day to assume efficiently and wholeheartedly the responsibilities of to-morrow is impossible without this co-operation. The conscientious patron will be ever ready to do his "bit" towards the advancement of our standards to an ever higher plane of merit and achievement. With this support the influence of Drummer upon each succeeding group that seeks the training it gives, will become increasingly effective towards the attainment of a greater degree of human perfection. Let us do our duty.

W. M. LOY, Superintendent.

EDITORIAL STAFF

Editor-in-Chief-Margretha Rasmussen
Assistant Editor.....Kathryn FitzHenry
Business Manager.....Owen Crowe
Assistant Business Manager.....Francis Bryant
Faculty Advisor.....Miss Augsburg

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Elmer Stein Edmund Cameron

Dramatics

Clarence Conrad Cleo Pruitt

Literary

Evelyn Dueringer William Barrow
Valla Parker

Art

Bernadine Swanson Ruth Powell

Jokes

Chester Hickerson Edna Swallow

Alumnae

Gladys Leonard

Chronology

Verner Frykman

Circulation

Ramona Phares

And now the Class of '24
Can say, at last, our Annual's done.
If you enjoy it, let us know;
If not, why, please don't tell us so.



BOARD OF EDUCATION



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Michigan



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Finance

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Mr. Bassett, Bloomington
American Conservatory
of Chicago

Illinois State Normal
University
University of Illinois

ELLA M. DEVENNEY
Biology

B. S. Knox College

THE FACULTY

Mr. Loy's in the office
One-half day each day,
But in this short time he sees
That everything goes O. K.

Miss Nicholson teaches History,
And though to some it may sound queer,
You feel as though you had learned something,
When you look back on the year.

Miss Barton teaches English—
When to say "this" or "that",
For sometimes you well know,
We say "we sit" when "we sat".

Miss Klatt teaches Domestic Science,
How to cook and fry like sin,
And also how to tell the dif
Between a needle and a pin.

Miss Augspurger teaches Geometry,
She teaches Algebra, too,
With $x-y$ equal to zero now,
But to-morrow something new.

Mr. Armstrong teaches Manual Training,
And around there if you linger,
You can hear an Indian war whoop
When some one hits his finger.

Miss Killey teaches English,
When to use "what" and "why".
And at the foolish answers
I laugh until I cry.

Mr. Herbst teaches Physics,
And there is something about a tree—
Oh, yes, I remember now,
He teaches Chemistry.

Miss Fitch teaches French and Latin,
And she's busy 'most all day
Pointing out and showing us
Just how and what to say.

Miss Killey teaches Geometry,
On propositions and theorems we're fed;
But the trouble with me is, I guess,
I can't get them all in my head.

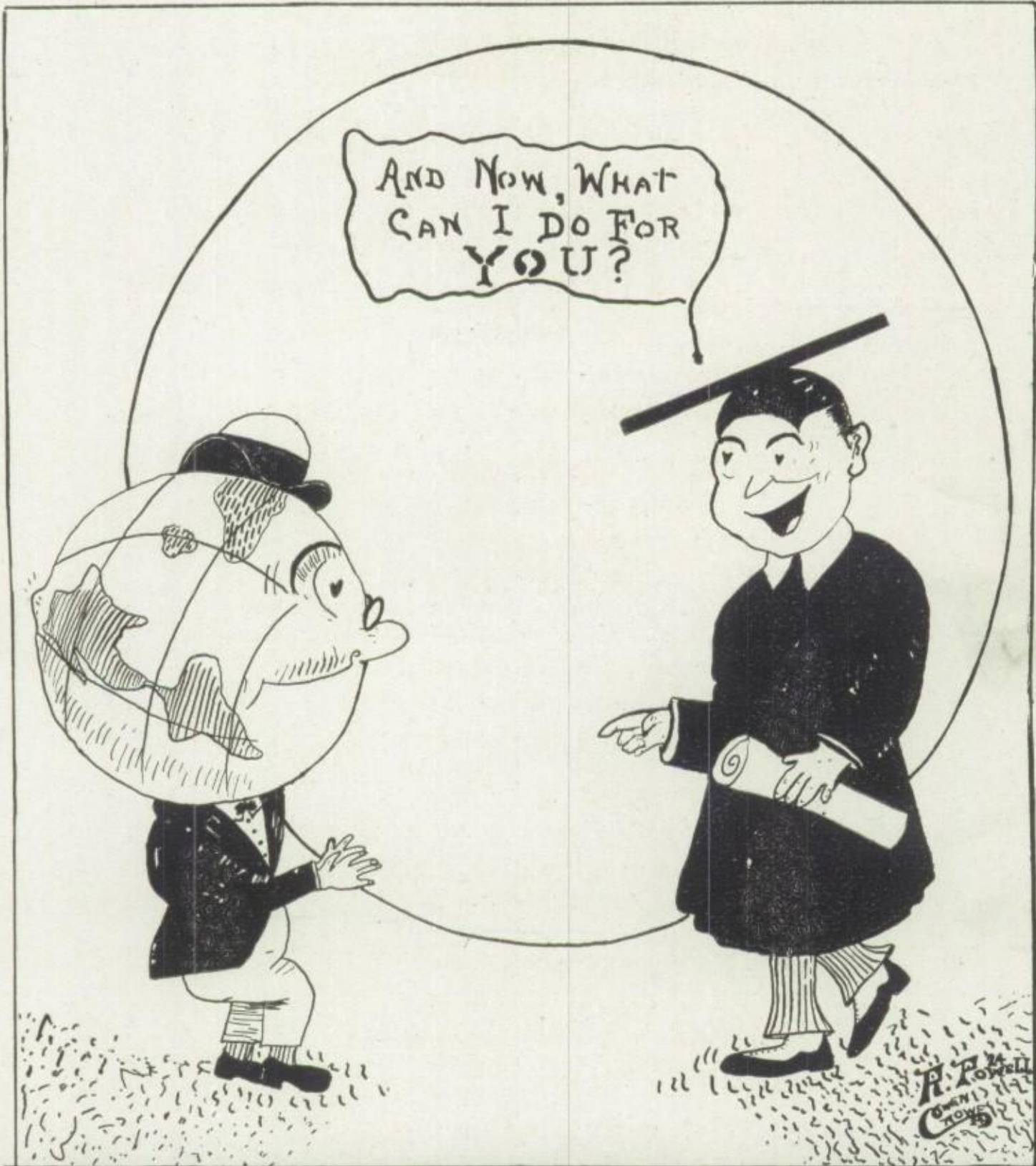
Mr. Kilby teaches Economics,
And American History, too;
'Bout which I 'spect he's forgotten
More than I ever knew.

Miss Lesch teaches Typewriting,
And I have a hunch
If I took some lessons in that
I wouldn't have to hunt and punch.

Miss Devenney teaches Biology,
And her classes are far from corrupt;
Every day you know she'll say,
"Keep your Biology note-book up."

Mr. Pierce teaches Music
And shows us how to sing;
He bids us stretch our mouths
And make the building ring.

—John Woolley, '25.



SENIORS



Sarepta Bane

"Who chooses me shall get as much as he deserves."

Glee Club '22-'23; Art Club '23.

Francis Bryant

"All the great men are dead and I'm not feeling well myself."

Orchestra '21-'22-'23-'24; Band '21-'22-'23; Maroon and White '22-'23-'24; Radio '21; Honor Student '22; Ass't Business Manager Drummer; Football '23; Class Basket ball '21-'22-'23-'24.

Clarence Conrad

"Always obliging."

Art Club '23; Dramatic Club '23-'24; "Clarence" '23; President Student Council '24; "Peg O' My Heart" '24; Dramatic Editor Drummer.

Grace Dueringer

"Modesty is a virtue."

Dramatic Club '23; Glee Club '24; Art Club '23; "Clarence" '23.

Owen Crowe

"The fair sex affects me not."

Class Treasurer '22; Art Club '23; Radio '21-'22; Honor Student '22; "Clarence" '23; Business Manager Drummer; Student Council '22; Class Secretary '24; Honor Society; Business Manager "Clarence."

Constance Heckens

"By her laugh ye shall know her."

Glee Club '22-'23; Girls' Basket Ball '22; "Gypsy Rover."

Lorene Johnson

"Nothing hinders, nothing daunts her."

Art Club '22; Glee Club '20-'21; "Gypsy Rover";
Class Secretary '22; Girls' Basket Ball '21; Honor
Student '22; "Miss Civilization"; Maroon and White
'22-'23; "Clarence" '23; "Peg O' My Heart".

John Noble

"Anything to eat? Sure, I'll be there."

Verner Frykman

"A closed mouth catches no flies."

Honor Student; Maroon and White '22-'23-'24;
Football '23; Baseball '22-'23-'24; Chronologist '24.

Alfred Bunting

"Sentiment? What have I to do with sentiment?"

Art Club '23; Baseball '24.

Edmund Cameron

"Blessed is he who expects nothing for he shall
not be disappointed."

Band '21-'22; Football '22-'23-'24; Annual Staff.

Edythe Koehler

"She talks a lot, but that's a woman's privilege."

"Little Gray Lady"; Art Club '23; Glee Club '24;
Dramatics '23-'24.





John Hatteberg

"If you would be good, first believe you are bad."
Baseball '23-'24.

Evelyn Dueringer

"Don't tell the world your troubles. It cannot, will not care."

Glee Club '21-'22; "The Little Gray Lady"; "Clarence"; "Peg O' My Heart"; "Gypsy Rover"; Class Secretary '22; Maroon and White '22-'23-'24; Drummer Staff '24; Honorary Society; Art Club '23.

Ramona Phares

"Did I but know old Drummer better, happier would I be."

"Gypsy Rover"; Girls' Basket Ball '22-'23; Drummer Staff; Glee Club '21-'22.

Dollie Riblet

"A ring on my finger is worth two on the phone."
Honor Student '21-'22.

Howard Pfoff

"Have it your way but I'm right."
Art Club '23.

Dwight McMurry

"Where she leads me I will follow."

Band '21-'22; Orchestra '21-'22-'23; Basket Ball '21-'22-'23; Baseball '21-'22-'23; Football '22-'23.

Elmer Stein

"Good work stands for hard work, not luck."

Radio '21; Student Council '23; Baseball '23-'24, Maroon and White '23; Athletic Editor Drummer '24; Class Treasurer '23; Class President '24; Honorary Society '24.

Gladys Leonard

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no fibs."

Glee Club '21-'22; Alumni Editor Drummer; Girls' Basket Ball '21-'22.

Edna Wright

"She knows her own mind."

Dramatic Club '22-'23; Glee Club '23-'24; Art Club '23.

Edna Swallow

"I have heart room for every joy."

"Clarence" '23; Girls' Basket Ball '21-'22; Joke Editor Drummer '24; Orchestra '23-'24.

Orris Poplett

"Call me scholar, let that be my praise."

Orchestra '24; Glee Club '24; Honor Student; Honorary Society '24.

Lloyd Sawyer

"Generally speaking he is generally speaking."

Orchestra '22-'24; Band '22; Football '21-'22-'23-'24; Dramatic Club '23-'24; Vice President Class '21.





Everett Wright

"He's a cute lad, sometimes good and sometimes bad."

Marion Huston

"Life is such a hurry."

Girls' Basket Ball '21-'22; Honor Student '21, Dramatic Club '24; Orchestra '24.

Lee Kerchenfaut

"My hair and disposition clash."

Love Alene Fasking

"Just to have my own way is all I ask."

Glee Club '21; Girls' Basket Ball '22-'23; Art Club '23.

Violetta Osborn

"Sing away sorrow and cast away care."

Art Club '23; Dramatic Club '23-'24.

Ruth Powell

"All the world's a friend of mine, and I'm a friend of it."

Foosland H. S.; Volley Ball '21; "The Pink Scarf" '21, D. T. H. S.; Maroon and White '22; Glee Club '22-'23; Art Club '23; Art Editor Drummer '24; "Gypsy Rover" '22; Dramatic Club; Orchestra '23.

Chalmer Kerchenfaut

"He is backward about coming forward."
Football '22-'23.

Valla Parker

"What men dare I dare."
Maroon and White; Glee Club '21-'23; Student Council '23; Art Club '23; Girls' Basket Ball '23; Dramatic Club '23; Literary Editor Drummer; Honor Student '22; Honorary Society '24.

Chester Hickerson

"God loves everybody, so do I."
Radio '21; "Clarence"; Cheer Leader '24; "Peg o' My Heart" '23; Glee Club '23.

Kathryn Fitzhenry

"The world loves a joke."
Girls' Basket Ball '21; Honor Student '22; Art Club '23; Assistant Editor Drummer.

Arthur Hedlund

"Happy and gay the live-long day."
Orchestra '22-'23-'24; Class Basket Ball '24; Business Manager "Peg o' My Heart."

Edith Shellman

"Oh, why should life all labor be?"
Glee Club '21-'22; Art Club '23; Girls' Basket Ball '22.





William Barrow

"Give me the moonlight, give me the girl; I'll do the rest."

Class Basket Ball '21-'22-'23; Basket Ball '24; Honor Student '22; Literary Editor Drummer; Class Vice-President '23; Treasurer '24.

Wilbur Parker

"I think all I speak, but I speak not all I think."

Class President '21; Honor Student '22-'23; Student Council '24; Honorary Society '24; Class Basket Ball '24.

Bernadine Swanson

"Co-education is the thief of her time."

Glee Club '21-'22; Orchestra '21-'22; Dramatics '22-'23; "Gypsy Rover"; Junior Response '23; Hatchet Oration '24; Girls' Basket Ball '21; Maroon and White '22-'23-'24.

George Stolz

"Manners make the man."

Art Club '23.

Margretha Rasmussen

"Find a way or make one."

Glee Club '22; Maroon and White '22; Orchestra '23-'24; Editor Drummer; Honor Student '21-'22-'23; Librarian '23-'24; Dramatic Club '22-'23; Honorary Society '24.

Gay Ella Wakefield

"She loves but one—at a time."

Orchestra '21-'22-'24; Glee Club '21-'22; "Clarence"; Maroon and White '23; Girls' Basket Ball '21; Dramatics '23; "Gypsy Rover".

Claude Nelson

"My girl's as true as steel."

Football '23-'24; Basket Ball '22-'23-'24; Baseball '21-'22-'23-'24; "Gypsy Rover"; Orchestra '21.

Evan Speers

"Bashful, harmless but hopeful."

Radio '21-'22.

Robert Yoder

"Professor, I don't agree with this statement in this book."

Orchestra '21-'22-'23-'24; Maroon and White; Column Conductor; Debating Team '22; Glee Club '22-'24; "Gypsy Rover"; "Clarence"; "Little Gray Lady"; Band '21; Honor Student '21-'22; Class President '23.

Cleo Pruitt

"My hair always needs a tonic."

Orchestra '22-'23-'24; Band '21-'22; "Little Gray Lady"; "Clarence"; "Peg o' My Heart"; Dramatic Editor Drummer.

Bill Phares

"Love me and the world is mine."

Boys' Glee Club '24; Football '21-'23; Baseball '21; Basket Ball '21-'23.

Hazel Ehresman

"My kingdom for a man."

Glee Club '22-'23; Girls' Basket Ball '21-'22.





Julian Johnson

"What I know I know."

Football '22-'23; Basket Ball '24; Baseball '23-'24.

Floyd Troyer

"My gen'rous heart disdains the slave of love to be."

Saybrook H. S.; Baseball '21-'22-'23; Basket Ball '22-'23-'24. Drummer Football '22-'23;

CLASS OFFICERS

Elmer Stein.....	<i>President</i>
Chester Hickerson.....	<i>Vice President</i>
Owen Crowe.....	<i>Secretary</i>
William Barrow.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

CLASS HISTORY

While out riding one Sunday, I noticed a house made of many different kinds of wood. When I mentioned this fact to my companion, she said, "Why! don't you remember? Part of that house is made from the old frame building where we first started our school life."

I recollect very well the first year we started in quest of education. We, as a class, had many happy and sad incidents during our sojourn in the grade school, but thirty of us survived.

On the first Monday in the month of September, 1920, we entered the portals of D. T. H. S., joined by fifty of our country cousins, making a total of eighty green freshies.

The faculty and upper-classmen were awed by our ability to rank so high in scholarship, even though we were green in appearance.

We owe a great deal of our success to our Freshman class advisor, Miss Nicholson, who guided and encouraged us through our first year.

When we acquired the title of Sophomores, we were so busy entering into the social game that we didn't have time for other things.

In our Junior year we shone forth in all our glory, and no other class was arrayed like ours. In the beginning of the year we chose Robert Yoder as president and William Barrow for vice-president. After the semester examinations were over, we selected our play for the Junior X. Everybody said "Clarence" was a decided success, and we know it was a success financially.

On May 11, 1923, we gave our Junior-Senior reception. The gym was beautifully decorated in green and white, the colors of both classes. Some of the Seniors said that it was prettier than the reception they gave the year before. The terrible flood of rain prevented many from coming, but those who did enjoyed themselves fully.

As for our last year, we seemed to have grown older and were better fitted for the many responsibilities of the Senior year. Early in the first semester we chose Elmer Stein president. I must not forget to mention that we contributed three men to the winning basket ball team of 1923, and many participated in football and baseball.

In our four years in Drummer we have tried to live up to the high standards of our Alma Mater. It is our wish that, when we are gone from Drummer, we may leave precedents worthy of adoption by the lower-classmen. We shall then feel that, in some respects, we have partly paid our debt of gratitude to D. T. H. S.

—Gay Ella Wakefield, '24.

We are fools—those who did not buy a Drummer,

CLASS WILL

It has been several years since the members of the class of four and twenty departed from the home which they occupied for four years. When they departed they left no trace of a will and it was often wondered by the brother and sister classes if they had been forgotten by their brother.

Perhaps a will had been drawn up and signed, then hidden away in some secret place. If this were true, where was this place? The little brothers had sought and searched in every corner imaginable. All this was, as I have said, several years ago.

One day not long ago, when the football team was on the field, one of the boys in his falling, kicked the brick fountain. In doing so, he knocked a brick loose. Out of curiosity, he took the brick out and placed his hand in the side of the fountain. In the very bottom lay a large package. Upon removing it from its resting place, it proved to be a large envelope containing many well typed papers and documents. One of these papers proved to be the last will of the class of four and twenty. The will read as follows:

WE, THE SENIOR CLASS OF 1924, DRUMMER TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL, City of Gibson, County of Ford, and State of Illinois, being of sound mind, memory and understanding, do make, publish, and declare the following as and for our last will and testament; that is to say:

First, we do direct that our funeral services shall be conducted by our friends and well-wishers, our superintendent, and his all-wise and ever-capable faculty, who have been our guardians for a long time, only asking, as the last wish of the dying, that the funeral be carried on with all the dignity and pomp that our worth, our merits, our attainments, and our positions as Seniors of "grave and reverend mien," must certainly have deserved.

As to such estate as it has pleased the Fates and our own strong hands and brains to win for us, we do dispose of the same as follows:

We give and bequeath to the faculty, who have been our instructors in all the wisdom of the ages, a sweet and unbroken succession of restful nights and peaceful dreams. No longer need they lie awake through the long watches of the night to worry over the uncertainty of whether this one is doing her home work, or that one will have his mathematics in the morning class, or the other one will remember every iron-clad rule of composition technique in the preparation of her essay. It has been a hard strain on them, for Seniors are said to be at all times and under all conditions hard to manage. But they have done their duty, and, verily, now shall they have their well-earned reward.

We give to our beloved faculty all the amazing knowledge and startling information that we have furnished them from day to day and on our examination papers. We know that much which we have spoken or written to them must have been entirely new to them, as well as to the rest of the students, and have thrown much new light on many hitherto familiar lines of thought, throughout the world of science and learning, even outside the halls and class rooms of Drummer. If the faculty see fit, they are allowed the privilege of giving out to the world such of this information as they may think humanity is ready to receive. We trust that they will feel at liberty to make use of all such bits of wisdom and enlightenment for the education of the classes to come after us. This, of course, is left for them to decide.

We give and bequeath to the Junior Class all such boys as were not able to keep pace with the brilliant girls that help compose our class, trusting that the Junior girls may be able to hold firmly to them and steer them through the gates of Commencement, that they may not share the humiliation that has been ours.

Upon the Freshman class that-is-to-be we bestow any overlooked cuds of gum we may have left adhering to the under side of desks, banisters, assembly or class room seats or any other likely or unlikely places. We have sometimes had to rid ourselves of these in too much haste to be able to pick and choose the most desirable means of disposal.

To the Sophomore Class we leave the privilege of going to class every day and reciting with all the brilliancy that they possess. We trust that they, too, will be able to give information to their teachers, as we have done, and, by so doing, help some poor student along the rough and rocky path of life.

True eloquence comes from great height.—Dwight McMurry.

The personal bequests, though they may seem trifling, are as follows:

Lee Kerchenfaut's freckles and red hair to anybody desiring the same.

Chalmer Kerchenfaut's good looks to anybody who needs them. Come early to avoid the rush.

Lloyd Sawyer wills his ability to play fullback to Lawrence Vork.

Edmund Cameron and Kathryn Fitzhenry bestow their blissful happiness to Helen Wilson and John Heckens.

Floyd Troyer leaves his bashfulness around the girls to John Woolley.

Claude Nelson gives Judith to no one, but he gives his vocabulary of well chosen (?) words to any one.

Bill Phares gives his high school career and the many colored slips to Edward Prince.

Valla Parker's fair complexion and vamping eyes to her Freshman sister, Martha McBride.

Violetta Osborn's prospects as a manager of a chain of tea-rooms to Cleona Crowe.

Evelyn Dueringer's fondness for talking to the faculty advisor of the Maroon and White to Doris Dever.

Grace Dueringer's oratorical ability to Charline Preston.

Edith Shellman leaves her ability to resist the winning ways of the male students of Drummer to Josephine Gilmore.

Marion Huston's charming manners and her ability to get to school at the last minute to Alice Leenerman.

Hazel Ehresman's baby eyes and baby ways to George Gilmore.

George Stolz leaves his backwardness and standing with three girls of the Junior Class to Leslie Bonnen.

John Noble's gum chewing habit to anyone who thinks he can chew it as gracefully as John does.

Everett Wright wills his bright and cheerful ways to Bennie Reiners.

Lorene Johnson's methods of getting high grades to anybody who cares for the same.

Margretha Rasmussen wills her position on the Staff and also her musical talent to Bernice Smith.

Dollie Riblet's knowledge of books and other things of this world to Dorothy Zimmerman.

Margaret Thorson bequeaths her privilege of getting married before she left school to Pearl Duvall.

Julian Johnson's position on the basket ball team to Eugene Whetzel.

Arthur Hedlund's immaculate looks to Russell Cornwell.

Edythe Koehler's text books to Mildred Erickson for future use.

Clarence Conrad's "strut" to Stanhope Foster.

Bernadine Swanson leaves "Tubby" in care of some innocent Freshman girl.

Gay Ella bequeaths her "now-you-see-them and now-you-dont" dimples to Doris Anderson.

Elmer Stein makes vacant his position as President of the Senior Class so that the young men of the coming Senior Class may have something to argue about.

Evan Speers' "vamping ways" to Clyde Ashley.

Orris Poplett wills his charming manners to Elmer Bradford.

Edna Wright leaves her "capturing" ways to Edith Gragg.

Love Alene Fasking bequeaths her methods of making such bewitching smiles to Della Smith.

Alfred Bunting's seven league boots to Maurice Cameron.

Owen Crowe wills his idea of a good time to any one who considers himself worthy of the same.

Wilbur Parker's fondness for studying to Hilda Vehrs.

Howard Pfoff's nicely combed hair and his wonderful hair groom to Orville Rasor.

Constance Heckens gives to her brother John that wonderful habit of getting up and coming to school on time, at least once a week.

Robert Yoder's ample ability of bluffing and getting by with it to Mildred Erickson and Frank Hunt.

There is no one like her, but there are many imitations.—V. Logan.

To Evelyn Jones is left Sarepta Bane's ability as a good cook.

Edna Swallow leaves her merry laugh and carefree ways to Hazel Bitters.

John Hatteberg leaves his ticket and seat on the L. E. W. train to Kelly Hill.

Verner Frykman gives his "non-skid" specs to John Fox for future use.

Francis Bryant leaves his seat in English Four to Harold Cameron and he may also obtain Francis' book by asking for it. The book is as good as new.

William Barrow leaves his standing among the girls of Drummer to anyone who is able to qualify for the same.

Ruth Powell's varied ways and manners to Ethel Cline.

Chester Hickerson's position as yell leader to any one who can stand the fuss; his standing with the girls to no one.

Cleo Pruitt leaves his sheikish ways and his ability as a natural born orator(?) to Wilbur Shilts

To our Freshman brother "Soupy" Paxton is left the struggle of attaining the height of Dwight McMurray.

Ramona Phares wills her privilege of attending every basket ball game and all other games to Alice Phillips.

Gladys Leonard leaves her privilege of cheering for the Bookkeeping team to Goldie Pruitt.

The subjoined list will be recognized as entailed estates, to which we do declare the Class of 1925 the real and rightful successors:

First, our seats in the assembly and class rooms. May the future Seniors endeavor to fill them as advantageously, as promptly, and as faithfully as we have done. Our seats in the assembly hall may be taken by whomsoever is able to grab them first.

Second, our Senior dignity. May the class of '25 uphold it forever, with all seriousness and gravity, endeavoring to realize its vast importance in spite of their natural lightmindedness and irresponsibility.

Third, any stubs of pencils, erasers, or scraps of paper that we may leave behind us in the excitement and haste of gathering up our beloved treasures for the last time. May our heirs feel free to use these relics and perhaps derive therefrom our great knowledge.

Fourth, next comes the one thing hard for us to part with. To the class of 1925 we leave our places in the hearts and thoughts of our Principal and Teachers. The faculty will love these students, unworthy as we feel they are, even as they have loved us; they will show the same tender kindness and attention that they have bestowed upon us; they will feel the same interest in attempts and success; the same sorrow in failure. We trust that the class of 1925 will appreciate all this as deeply as we have done; that it may be their most precious possession, although they have many, and the one that we are most loath to hand over to them.

Lastly, we bequeath to the leading paper of our city, "The Courier", and to the talented editor thereof, all the events of our lives, past, present and to come, with all the wonders, sensations, hair-breadth escapes, glorious attainments, and other deserved or undeserved notoriety and fame with which we may have been, or may hereafter be associated, trusting that they may furnish plenty of material for news items and some brilliant editorials for ages yet to come, and serve as an inspiration for those younger students who so naturally look to us for example.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal at my residence in the City of Gibson, this sixth day of June, in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

(Seal)

GLADYS LEONARD.

On this sixth day of June in the year one thousand, nine hundred and twenty-four, Gladys Leonard, the above testator, in our presence and in the presence of each of us, signed and sealed the foregoing instrument and published and declared the same to be the last will and testament, of the Class of 1924, and we thereupon at their request, in their presence, and in the presence of each other, hereunto subscribed our names and residences as attesting witnesses.

Glenn M. Kilby, residing at Gibson City, Illinois

Louise Lesch, residing at Gibson City, Illinois.

If silence is golden, she is 24 carat.—Edna Wright.

CLASS PROPHECY

(Gypsy girl in a bright red dress, spangled with tinsel; black bodice laced at waist; hair flowing; red silk kerchief knotted around her head. Sits alone at desk, turning over the leaves of a book and crooning in weird monotone.)

"Double, double, toil and trouble;
Life is but an empty bubble!
From the past we've all come from
To the ages yet to come.
Life is but a fleeting dream;
Things are never what they seem!
Double, double, toil and trouble!
Life is but an empty bubble!"

(Class president knocks. Gypsy jumps up suddenly.) "Enter, I pray, whoe'er thou art."

(Class president enters. She looks relieved and resumes seat.) "What seekest thou, youth? Thy need impart!"

Class President: "Fair and wise prophetess, guardian of the unseen things-to-be, the Class of 1924 of Drummer Township High School is about to pass forever out of school life into life's school. Roll back the curtain of the future, I beseech you, and prophesy unto me, as their President, what the future of each of the fair young women and brave young men is to be. They tell me that by mere contact with personal belongings of individuals you are able to read their future and accurately foretell coming events. With this in mind, I have brought you these fifty handkerchiefs, fragrant with the personalities of these fifty graduates of whom I speak. Do you, then, look into the years to come and relieve our anxious hearts of the worry that weights them down because we cannot guess what is in store for us."

Prophetess: "Take thou a seat. (He sits) Thou art indeed brave to dare to look down the vista of Things-to-be. Knowest thou not that a glance into the future is never a pleasure unmixed with pain? Knowest thou not, O aspiring youth, that to know what the future holds may be to thee but a never ending curse, shutting thyself out from the joys of the present in the contemplation of things that are to come? But as thou hast spoken, as thou hast dared to tempt the gods by thus challenging their revelations of thyself and thy classmates, listen and it shall be prophesied unto thee, even as thou hast said, and by these tokens I will discover unto thee the future of those from whom they have come."

(Takes first handkerchief—a silk one—holds it to forehead a second). "Ah! thirty, forty years hence I see a rich man—a banker—riding in his aeroplane, counting out his money—wearing his diamonds. Who is it? His name? O, yes, I see now—VERNER FRYKMAN."

(Takes second, a red bandanna). "A strong breeze and a whiff of far, far prairies. A girl of the plains, a pioneer of distant wildness and vastness, riding bare-backed over broad spaces—RUTH POWELL."

(Takes third, large linen). "A school of learning, and a noble professor before his class. They look at him in reverence of the vast learning he acquired at Drummer Township High School. Why, what is that they call him as they bow in homage before him? PROFESSOR ORRIS POPLITT."

(Fourth and fifth, plain white). "Two more handkerchiefs, and as they seem to cling together I take them up at once and see two happy wives making sunshine and music within their walls. I see them exchanging confidences over the fence as to this or that domestic difficulty, and see how, even in their marriage, could never be divided the girls who were so inseparable as BERNADINE SWANSON and GAY-ELLA WAKEFIELD."

(Sixth, small embroidered). "Now, I see an immense billboard, and what does it say? A second Melba—greatest opera singer of the day—LORENE JOHNSON."

(Seventh, lavender handkerchief). "In the largest newspaper office of New York City, I see a small person behind a large desk sorting out letters from an enormous heap. On the door under the word 'Private' I see a name—EVELYN DUERINGER, Editor-in-Chief."

(Eighth, large tan handkerchief). "A band playing in the Chicago Theatre; the audience is applauding it; the bandmaster bows smilingly. His name? It is FRANCIS BRYANT."

Absence makes the heart grow fonder—of some one else.—Judith Wright.

(Ninth, lavender bordered large white silk). "Ah, I see an immense billboard and on it 'Coming! WILLIAM BARROW, world's greatest lover, in 'Love at First Sight.'"

(Tenth, tan bordered large white linen). "What is this? Alas! It is so indistinct I can hardly tell. I see—a student, a graduating senior at college—Yale it is—Ah, it is the former graduate of Drummer Township High School who won the \$10,000 prize for the best Chemical Essay in United State—ALFRED BUNTING."

(Eleventh, large gray handkerchief). "There are many, many people all applauding a young man—a lawyer who has just won the famous case against the well-known monopoly. Who is the young lawyer? It is EDMUND CAMERON."

(Twelfth, blue bordered large white linen handkerchief). "I see justice with her scales, the Supreme Court of United States, the court room, with the desk and—ah!—behind the desk is a familiar face. Whose? Your former classmate, CLARENCE CONRAD."

(Thirteenth, pink handkerchief). "What is this? Oh, a school room. There are many, many little children. What is it they are doing? Now I see. They are flocked around begging for more stories from their dearest friend and teacher, CONNIE HECKENS."

(Fourteenth, tan linen handkerchief). "The world's most famous newspaper? I do not understand. Oh, yes, I see it now. The paper's popular feature, the cartoon, 'Dumbell Dora and her friends,' drawn by OWEN CROWE."

(Fifteenth, lavender handkerchief). "A foreign land, I see. Little people of a different color. Among them a missionary, MARION HUSTON."

(Sixteenth, a lace handkerchief). "A dainty maid in a beautiful white silken gown. A long veil hangs from the head to the floor. Orange blossoms are caught in her hair. Ah, a happy bride, VALLA PARKER."

(Seventeenth, tan pongee handkerchief). "What is this I hear? EXTRA! EXTRA! Story and picture of the world's most beautiful building, also picture of architect. His picture is familiar. Where have I seen it before? It was in the 1924 Drummer Annual. It is thine self, ELMER STEIN."

(Eighteenth, brown bordered white handkerchief). "What is it the people are crowding around the newsstands for? Ah, yes! They are trying to get the latest copy of the International Book Review, for in it is the latest article on the best books of 1950 by the world's greatest literary critic, ROBERT YODER."

(Nineteenth, small blue linen handkerchief). "A music conservatory in a large city in the west. Who is it I see at the head of this conservatory? Ah, it is your former pianist, MARGRETHA RASMUSSEN."

(Twentieth, white linen). "On the door of a beautiful office room I see PRIVATE SECRETARY' and inside—among all the splendor sits the secretary of John D. Rockefeller, ROMONA PHARES."

(Twenty-first, brown bordered tan handkerchief). "What is all this noise? 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Three cheers for the referee and make 'em ring.' A basket ball game between Princeton and Harvard. And who is the referee? It is DIKE McMURRY."

(Twenty-second, tan handkerchief). "Far, far away, in the jungles of Africa I see a man, alone and contented. A famous man in the scientific world, a famous research worker, ARTHUR HEDLUND."

(Twenty-third, a lavender bordered white one). "Another office. Business-like is the Class of '24. It is in a cold country, Canada, a lumber office. The sign on the door reads 'FLOYD TROYER, General Manager of the Fall Water Lumber Co.'"

(Twenty-fourth, a small yellow one). "A dressmaking room at Marshall Field's—many, many seamstresses at work—a busy little lady flits hither and thither—the overseer—DOLLIE RIBLET."

(Twenty-fifth, lavender lace-bordered handkerchief). "There are homes of poor people; little children in need. Yes, now I see a lady distributing food and clothes to them. What a kind sympathetic face she has. Who is she? EDYTHE KOEHLER."

(Twenty-sixth, blue bandanna). "Acres and acres of plowed prairie—a farmer with his tractor industriously plowing, plowing, plowing—from sunrise 'til sunset—LEE KERCHENFAUT."

(Twenty-seventh, large white bordered lavender handkerchief). "I smell limburger cheese, onions and cabbage. It is a grocery store in a little village. Overhead is a sign—'EVAN SPEERS, Grocery Co.'"

(Twenty-eighth, large white silk). "I see a collector with many, many specimens of postage stamps and insects. A collection of long years of hard work—the collector? Ah, it is LLOYD SAWYER."

She is swift as the waters.—Evelyn Jones.

(Twenty-ninth, small green handkerchief). "In the Boston Art Institute is a joyous girl slowly working her way up into the fine arts. An interior decorator of the highest rank—LOVE ALENE FASKING."

(Thirtieth, a large gray handkerchief). "Ah, a professor before an assembly. Listen to what he says: 'We have the pleasure and honor this morning of listening to one of the foremost public lecturers of the day. MR. CLAUDE NELSON.'"

(Thirty-first, blue bordered white silk). "I see a very thick book entitled 'Outline of the History of Mars,' by JULIAN JOHNSON."

(Thirty-second, large lace bordered handkerchief). "A new Shakespearian actor! The ambitious Macbeth! 'A perfect type' cries the world. It is CLEO PRUITT."

(Thirty-third, green and white checkered handkerchief). "What a lovely picture! A girl in sport clothes driving a beautiful auto over the smooth roads to the Green Oak Country Club. A society and club girl—MISS HAZEL EHRESMAN."

(Thirty-fourth, small gray handkerchief). "A large department store; throngs of people file by the counter; the passage ways are crowded. Ah, behind the counter a small dark haired girl mechanically wraps up bundle after bundle. Her name, it is GRACE DUERINGER."

(Thirty-fifth, lavender linen handkerchief). "A dentist's office; a smell of gas. a familiar grinding sound. Who is the man of torture? His name is—DR. CHALMER KERCHENFAUT."

(Thirty-sixth, small pink bordered handkerchief). "Ah, St. Luke's Hospital—a white gowned, smiling, light-footed nurse hurries by. Her face seems familiar—ah, yes, it is EDITH SHELLMAN."

(Thirty-seventh, large gray bordered white handkerchief). "A billard room—what a change! The private billiard room of America's greatest billiard player, JOHN NOBLE ESQ."

(Thirty-eighth, small tan silk). "Another book! A somewhat more snappy volume than the former one. It is entitled 'Men in Love,' by GLADYS LEONARD."

(Thirty-ninth, green bordered white handkerchief). "Evelyn Dueringer's New York newspaper appears before me. Ah, I see now. The catchiest column 'The World a Joke' written by the mysterious E. S. The world unknowingly, however, has rightly guessed the true writer, America's humorist, EDNA SWALLOW."

(Fortieth, small gray linen handkerchief). "A domestic science meeting. The Middle West's best biscuit maker is demonstrating to hundreds of brides and brides-to-be. The demonstrator's name is SAREPTA BANE."

(Forty-second, plain white). "A baseball game! Between the Elliott Gully-Wullies and the White Sox of Chicago. Listen! I hear yells and yells. 'Rah! Rah! Rah! Pitcher! Pitcher! Pitcher! Who? HATTEBERG! HATTEBERG! HATTEBERG!'"

(Forty-third, large white one with wide blue border). "The ocean broad and beautiful—a ship with a Jackie on deck joyously singing 'A sailor's wife a sailor's star shall be. A sailor's wife his star shall be.' The Jackie? WILBUR PARKER."

(Forty-fourth, large khaki colored handkerchief). "Listen! I hear a tramp! tramp! tramp! A military drill. Ah, I see West Point, a Lieutenant salutes the flag. The Lieutenant—his face is familiar—It is LIEUTENANT GEORGE STOLZ."

(Forty-fifth, blue silk). "A hotel, a carefully groomed young man. He has several traveling bags. I see his face now. He is looking this way. It is HOWARD PFOFF."

(Forty-sixth, small blue silk). "Listen! 'Buzz! Buzz! Buzz! 171-R-192 Line's busy.' Ah, it is EDNA WRIGHT, Elliott Central."

(Forty-seventh, red bandanna). "A smell of gasoline, oils and grease; a mechanic working on a car. The touch of an expert has WILLIAM PHARES."

(Forty-eighth, pink linen). "A field of daisies filling the air with sweet perfume; an artist walks slowly through the field, pausing now and then to sketch a pretty scene; a true lover of nature, VIOLETTA OSBORN."

(Forty-ninth, round lavender handkerchief). "I see a young lady being awarded honors for being the world's fastest on the typewriter. It is KATHRYN FITZ HENRY."

(Fiftieth, large green bordered handkerchief). "A study—a study surrounded by books. There is a large desk at one end and behind the desk sits the modern poetry and short story writer, CHESTER HICKERSON."

"Mr. President, brave and wise official of the illustrious Class of 1924, my duty is at an end and the future is hereafter to thee and thy classmates, an open book. May each of you follow faithfully the paths I have marked out for your footsteps, and so make your lives the glorious successes the fates have decreed that they should be."

—KATHRYN FITZ HENRY, '24.

I am a feather for each wind that blows.—Chester Hickerson.



I INFANCY

THE
Evolution
of the
Senior Class
President



II CHILDHOOD



IV LIKELIHOOD

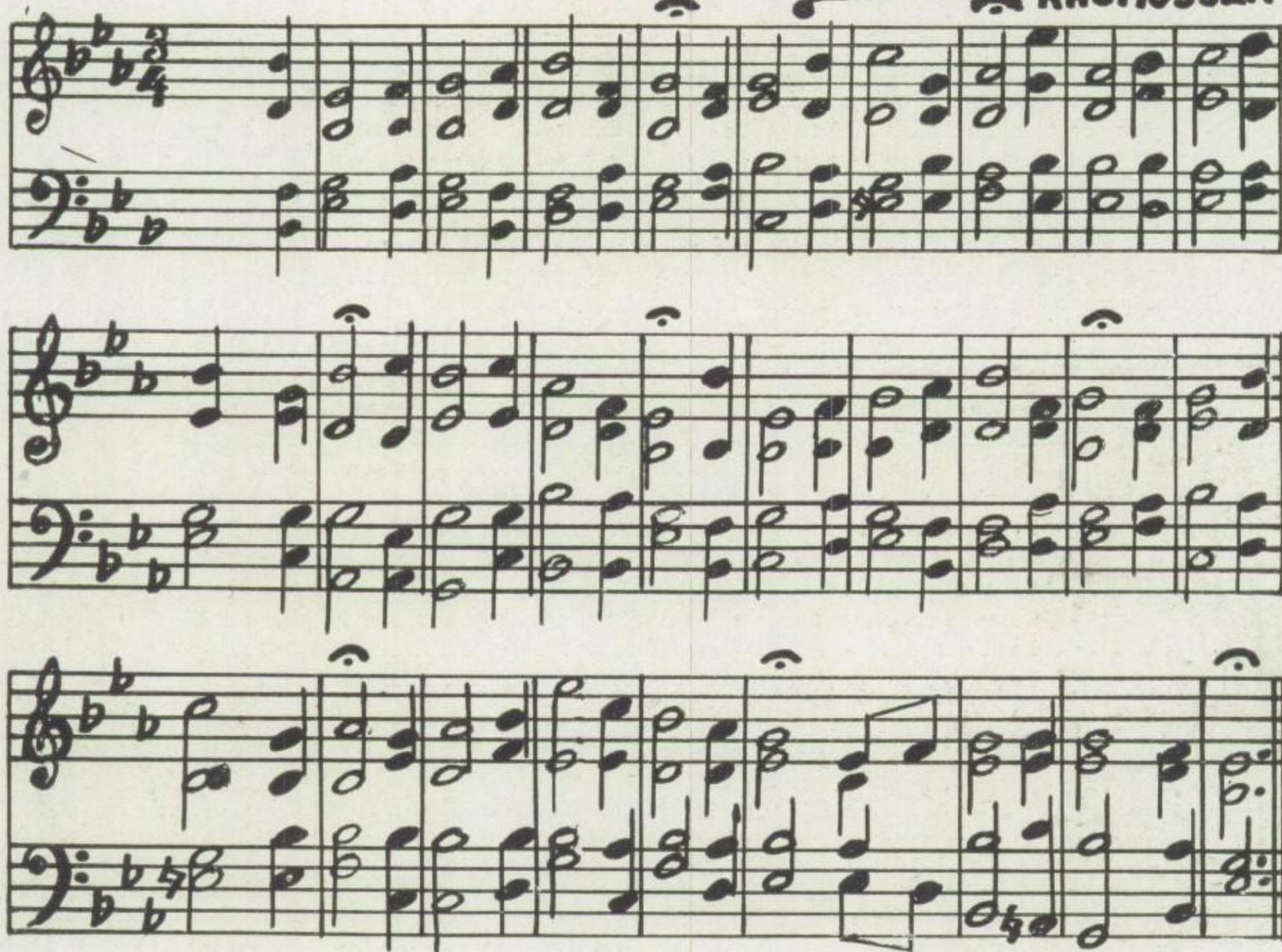


IV MANHOOD



III YOUTH

CLASS SONG

—BY MARGRETHA
RASMUSSEN

Farewell! Dear school, we haste away,
Life's duties must be done;
But hope will lead us on and on
To victories to be won.
With sad regrets we leave you now,
The ideal of our dreams;
May we find life, as we depart,
As worth while as it seems.

And thus the Class of '24,
When high school work is o'er,
Will pass out from old Drummer's portals,
Thence to return no more.
We were ever loyal and true
And labored with ideals high
To gain all glory for our class,
The pride of Drummer High.

For now our class glides out between
The rocks that guard the shore,
Bearing the Class of '24,
To be a class no more.
But looking forward with a smile
Of courage strong and high,
To meet in that glad after while
No more to say good-bye.

THE SENIOR PLAY

The Senior play committee, after much difficulty, finally decided upon the three act play entitled, "Come Out of the Kitchen," by A. E. Thomas.

The setting of this play is at the Dangerfield mansion in Virginia. The entire play centers around the Dangerfield children, whose father and mother are touring in Europe for the former's health. The young people having financial difficulties, decide to rent the mansion to Burton Crane, a northerner, on the condition that they have white servants.

Crane and his guests arrive but the servants do not show up. To save the day the Dangerfields pose as servants. Crane finally discovers this and fires them all but Olivia whom he marries.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Olivia Dangerfield, alias Jane Ellen.....	Lorene Johnson
Elizabeth Dangerfield, alias Araminta.....	Evelyn Dueringer
Mrs. Falkener, Tucker's sister.....	Ramona Phares
Cora Falkener, her daughter.....	Gay Ella Wakefield
Amanda, Olivia's black mammy.....	Edna Swallow
Burton Crane from the North.....	Clarence Conrad
Thomas Lefferts, statistical poet.....	Robert Yoder
Solon Tucker, Crane's attorney and guest....	Chester Hickerson
Paul Dangerfield, alias Brindlebury.....	Owen Crowe
Randolph Weeks, agent of the Dangerfields.....	Cleo Pruitt

CLASS POEM

Our class is near the longed for goal,
Our journey will soon be o'er;
For four long years we've worked in faith,
Till now 'tis time to go ashore.

As we approach the great, wide world
We think of good times past,
Wish we could have them o'er again,
But such things can't long last.

We'll have thoughts of Drummer High,
When life's task is beginning;
We'll dream of her strong, helping hand,
While we're succeeding, winning.

The days for success are yet to come,
But our future is shining bright;
Success will meet us all half way,
If we'll labor for the right.

—Valla Parker, '24.

I want a man, I want one bad; if I don't get one I'll be sad.—Alta.



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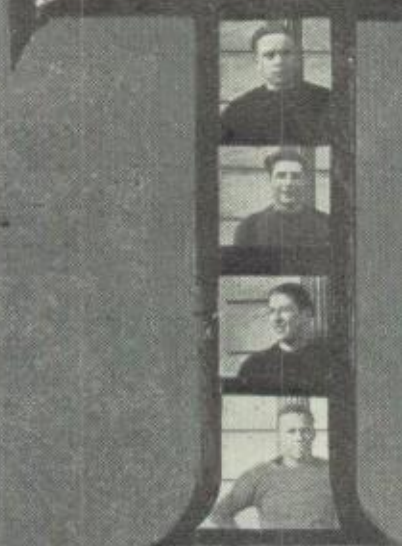
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R.E. Stein
Pres.



C.W. Hickerson
Vice-Pres.



19

2

4



W. Barrow
Treas.



O. H. Crowe
Sec.



CHERRY
PRESS

ODE TO THE SENIORS

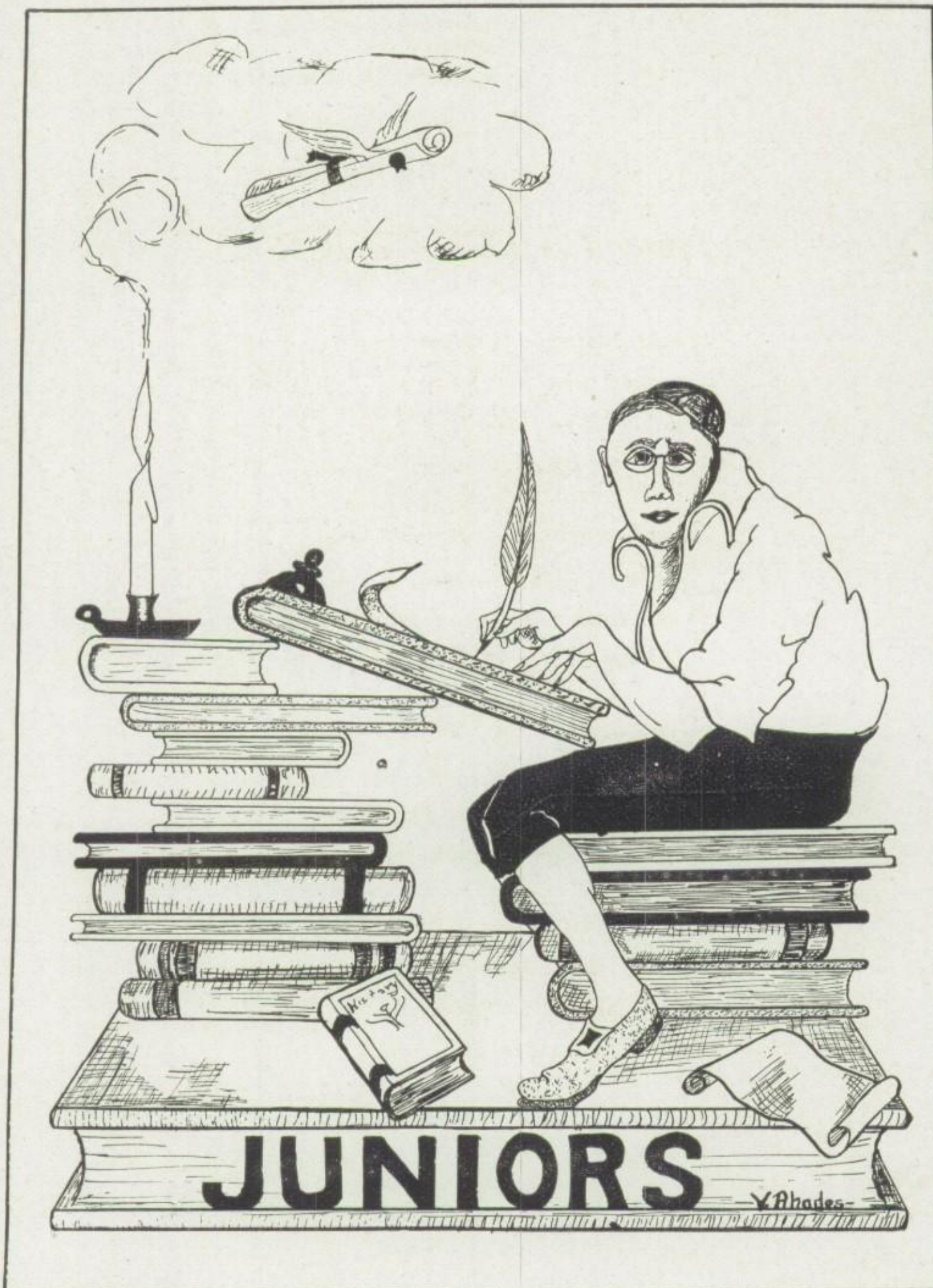
*Dear Seniors, we love you!
And now we hear
That you're going to leave us
In less than a year.*

*Dear Seniors, we'll miss you!
And perhaps you, too,
Will think o'er your school days,
And also feel blue.*

*Dear Seniors, we want you
To always be true
To the standards of Drummer
All your life through.*

*Dear Seniors, God bless you!
And may you possess
A life full of service
And laughter and zest.*

—A Junior.





JUNIOR CLASS FORWARD

On the fourth of September, 1923, that class of martyrs commonly called Juniors marched to the stake, prepared for them by their cruel masters, known in our language as teachers. The martyrs were brave, realizing that the cause—education—for which they would suffer, was worth all the sacrifice they could make. So, instead of wailing and lamenting the fact they smilingly faced their doom. However, when they came out that September morn to the prison cell, school, they found they had great cause for rejoicing. They were informed that their persecutions would not begin until the following morning. They were advised, in the meantime, to prepare for their death. Accordingly, they bought school books, thus clearing their souls, which were already almost without blame. On the morning of the fifth they again arrived, this time more fully prepared.

The Junior martyrs were to endure torture at the stake. There would be no fire, however, as it was desired by the officials that the agonies continue for nine months. The masters would have been disappointed if any had died.

All were tied to the stake of Learning, but not all were tortured with the same devices. Those who were lashed with the whips of Latin and Physics suffered the worst agonies, and they were not so uncomplaining and brave as the others. These martyrs cried from their torture, saying, "We never can endure to the end! Oh, help!" At times when the lashing would grow less painful, they would gain courage for the succeeding miseries.

Those lashed with the whips of English and History were not made to

When joy and duty clash, let duty go a smash.—"Tubby."

endure much pain, because the whips were lighter and their oppressors not so cruel. Seemingly, these sufferers were braver.

The martyrs shot with the arrows of Shorthand and Economics were seldom heard to lament. It is said they even rejoiced.

Once while our persecutors (teachers) had to go to a council meeting, (institute), we were loosed from our stakes and allowed to be free for awhile, but with the instruction that we were to return on the day set. So, although our bodies were scarred and our hearts aching, we tried to forget about our torture, (which we knew had ceased only for awhile) in order that we might gain courage for the succeeding miseries.

Another time, however, we were released and allowed to spend two weeks with our relatives. This was during Christmas. It is said that all the martyrs all over the North American continent are released at this time every year. Our friends and loved ones in the meantime treated us wonderfully. They fed us on delicious food and cheered us saying our suffering would soon be over and we would enter into Paradise, the happy land of rest, called by the martyrs Summer Vacation.

—BERNICE SMITH, '25.

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Robert Cunningham *President*
 Kermit Bedel *Vice President*
 Wilha Main *Secretary and Treasurer*
 Miss Barton *Class Advisor*

Evelyn Anderson—"She's still and still she isn't still."
 Mildred Anderson—"A good reputation is more valuable than money."
 Clyde Ashley—"Politeness costs nothing and gains everything."
 Doris Buesing—"Truly she is afraid of a camera."
 Beulah Bulger—"A smile on her lips and a smile in her eye."
 Warren Brown—"I am not in the roll of common men."
 Kermit Bedel—"Ease with dignity."
 Wilfred Burnham—"Love me little, love me long."
 Harold Cameron—"O, pretty boy, trust not too much to your rosy looks."
 Emil Cooper—"Little I ask; my wants are few."
 Cleona Crowe—"For smiles from reason flow."
 Robert Cunningham—"Knowledge in itself is riches."
 Ethel Cline—"Innocence is strong."
 Merle Doman—"Talk not of baffled genius!"
 Pearl Duvall—"We have a steadfast friend."
 Ruth Erickson—"One of the Elliott gang."
 Mildred Erickson—"Life is like a stroll upon the beach."
 Ruby Fitzpatrick—"O, life! What art thou without love?"
 Francis Fulton—"Why should men desire curly hair?"
 Edith Gragg—"Fine feathers make fine birds."
 Josephine Gilmore—"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer."
 Lois Goodrich—"Gentleness succeeds."

When do we eat?—Billy Hartford.

Frank Hunt—"All that I know is that I know nothing."
 Audrey Hedland—"She is gentle that doth gentle deeds."
 Constance Johnson—"Every one has his gifts."
 Evan Kerchenfaut—"Every man has desire, such as it is."
 Louis Lynch—"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."
 David Leonard—"Great guns! How he can talk!"
 Alice Leenerman—"A fair exterior is a silent recommendation."
 Mervin LeValley—"Quietness sometimes excels."
 Charles Lowery—"I haven't slept a wink."
 Wilha Main—"Manners alone beam dignity on all."
 Stanley Means—"It is not wise to be wiser than's necessary."
 Goldie Pruitt—"One may smile and smile."
 Evelyn Paulus—"High erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy."
 Alice Phillips—"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."
 Wilbur Shilts—"All mankind loveth a lover."
 Blanche Smith—"My book and my heart must never part."
 Finley Speers—"Every one excels in something."
 Dellah Smith—"Laugh and the world laughs with you."
 Bernice Smith—"Honesty is the best policy."
 LaVonne Sawyer—"They win who laugh."
 William Vehrs—"Beware the fury of the patient man."
 Elmore Watts—"Perseverance keeps honor bright."
 John Woolley—"A mighty spirit fills that little frame."
 Helen Young—"I'll be merry and free!"

JUNIORS

We came aboard in twenty-one,
 And some thought we were green,
 But we had lots of knowledge, which
 The others had not seen.

In twenty-two we came to port,
 But started out again,
 And sailed along successfully
 Until the last exam.

It was a stormy, stormy time,
 And some went overboard,
 But most of us just hung on fast;
 A few around us roared.

And then along came twenty-three,
 And we are Juniors now.
 They say we're jolly as can be!
 To stay that way we vow.

But soon we'll try to be sedate;
 We can be that way too!
 The Senior Class we're sailing for,
 With teachers as the crew.

And now we're almost into port,
 And happy as can be,
 To think that next year we'll receive
 A great big diplom—ee!

Constance Johnson, '25.



THE CHARM SCHOOL

"The Charm School," a comedy in three acts by Alice Duer Miller and Robert Milton was chosen for the Fifth Annual Junior X.

The story of "The Charm School," clusters around Austin Bevans, a young automobile salesman. Bevans, who inherits a girls' boarding school from a maiden aunt, insists upon running it himself, according to his own ideas. He therefore gives four of his friends positions as instructors in the school. The girls, of course, become more interested in the instructors than in their work.

Austin becomes very much interested in Elsie Benedotti, the president of the Senior Class. Trouble arises which causes Elsie to run away. But Austin goes after her, brings her back, and marries her.

The huge success of the play was due to the superb acting of the cast. Credit must also be given to the excellent coaching of Miss Barton.

Following is the cast of characters:

Austin Bevans—Stanley Means—An automobile salesman with ideas which David Mackenzie—Robert Cunningham—A law student, considers impractical, though

George Boyd—Merle Doman—An expert accountant, is willing to co-operate, and also

Jim Simpkins—Frank Hunt—and

Tim Simpkins—Francis Fulton—who toil not and have never seriously considered spinning.

Homer Johns—Warren Brown—is the guardian of

Elsie Benedotti—Ruby Fitzpatrick, the president of the Senior Class at a school presided over by

Miss Hayes—Constance Johnson—who is loved and feared by all who know her including her secretary,

Miss Curtis—Bernice Smith—who is always trying to think well of the Senior Class, consisting of

Sally Boyd—Helen Young—who is George's sister, and

Muriel Doughty—Alice Phillips

Ethel Spelvin—Josephine Gilmore

Alix Mercier—Goldie Pruitt

Lillian Stafford—Wilha Main

Madge Kent—Beulah Bulger

Dotsie—Cleona Crowe





SOPHS

OWER ROSS 120



SOPHOMORE FORWARD

It was a bright sunny day, on the fifth of September, that the good old ship Drummer sailed out on the sea of education. There was a crew of sixty-four hale and hearty sailors and about one hundred seventy other passengers, but it is the crew that we are interested in.

The voyage was to be a long one, not less than nine months, our captain, Buck Shellman, had told us, and for some it was to be a rough one.

When we sailed, little did we realize it was to be nearly three months before we got any message of cheer from home. So when it came, it was welcomed gladly, and we were allowed shore leave for two days to celebrate. We had a great time in port at Thanksgiving during those two days.

After that, the voyage went on in fair weather for several weeks with only one tempest, which affected only a few. Then came the real vacation for all of us. Our ship was laid up for repairs in Port X and we were given two weeks' shore leave, with no one to say what we should or should not do.

It was only a short time after this that one of the biggest storms of the trip took place. Our ship went on the rocks, and a number of both crew and passengers, who were afraid it would sink, left the boat. Others were badly crippled, and it was all they could do to keep going for the rest of the trip.

But when that storm had passed over, the worst of the voyage was done and the rest of the trip was made under fair sail. We picked up several new members to take the place of the ones who had gone on the rocks.

There were a few light gales, but nothing serious and we arrived home in June, all the better for the voyage, perhaps, but nevertheless glad to get home.

—Rosamond Sprowls, '26.

SOPHOMORES—PRESENT OCCUPATION

Elmer Bradford	Running a harem.
Billie Hartford	Staring holes in the air.
Evelyn Jones	Something new every day.
Helen Padley	Latest color combinations.
John Heckens	Doing Nothing.
Janeace Davidson	Going to Paxton.
Arthur Gilmore	Blushing.
Lawrence Vork	Working Mathematics.
Francis Ashley	Trying to overcome stage fright.
Edna Ropp	Surpassing Webster in vocabulary.
Harold Miller	Out of a job.
Eugene Whetzel	Drawing.
Judith Wright	Rescuing new comers to D. T. H. S.
Mertie Pemberton	Tending to her own business.
Jimmie Hartford	Bawling out brother "Bill".
Raymond Speers	I'll bite—What?
Cora Ashley	Looking after her two "little brothers".
Augusta Hanson	Trying to grow fat.
Thomas Hill	Trying to grow tall.
Robert Noble	Trying to take the curl out of his hair.
Doris Dever	Studying.
Bernice Sturm	Studying to be a detective.
Stuart Anderson	Trying to get his feet under the desk.
Fremont Day	Riding a bicycle.
Bruce Clark	Developing wild ideas.
Carl Bartelson	Blowing his nose.
Charles Falvey	Flipping hamburgers.
Russell Cornwell	Whispering.
George Reiners	Vamping the opposite sex.
Robert Johnson	Talking to Doris Buesing.
William Peterson	Delivering flowers.
Virginia Lane	Beloved by the teachers.
Virginia Price	Trying to surpass Edna.
Dwight Shellman	Pulling wise cracks in English.
Ronald Jordan	Escorting Vinnie to school.
Aldean Robbins	Jerking soda at Charley's.
Merritt Kerchenfaut.....	Envied for his car.
Carroll Walker	Singing in a deep bass voice.
Walter Barnes	Keeping shy of the ladies.
John Fox	Making eyes.
Zetta Warman	Talking.
Audrey Harper	Doing the proper thing.
Wilma Jardine	Riding to school with Chester.
Doris Anderson	Talking little, thinking much.
Letha Bane	Ask Sarepta—we don't know.
Kelly Hill	Practicing baseball.
Aline Carpenter	Asking deep questions in History.
Violet Conrad	Liked by every one.
Hilda Vehrs	Helping someone in Geometry.
Millard Anderson	Laughing at someone.
Violet Burgeson	She shines at night.
Lillie Walton	Keeping quiet.
Iva McAtee.....	Seen but not heard.
Seipt Bauman	Running free-for-all taxi.
Donald Lichtenberger	Giggling.
Bennie Reiners	Overcoming his bashfulness.
Harold Thompson	Playing ladies' man.
Russell Watts	Establishing his bachelorhood.

Sarepta Bane's favorite expression—"I told you so."

THE DAYS IN HIGH SCHOOL

"I b'en a kind-o musin'," as Jim Riley says, and I'm
About of the conclusion that they hain't no better time
Than the days we spend in high school as just a Sophomore,
If you'll come to think about it, ere the good days are no more.

Now here's the "idy", comrades, I hope you'll understand—
We always are a reachin' for something just beyond our hand.
We want to be a Junior, a Senior's life seems gay!
But when we come to it, we wish the other way.

We kinda feel elated when we reach our second year,
And for the "Freshies" down below us, we in pity drop a tear;
We can't quite remember that we ever were so small,
Or that it was quite possible to lose us in the hall.

The Junior's life's a busy one; it's full of ups and downs,
For if he scales the ladder he has to go the rounds.
Just so the wise old Senior, till his school days all are o'er;
Then his mind goes back to the happy time when he was a Sophomore.

"And when I've kep' on musin'" as Jim Riley says, "till I've
Firm-fixed in the conclusion that they hain't no better time,"
Than when you are a Sophomore, for then it seems to me,
We are all just as happy as boys and girls can be.

—John H. Fox, '26.

A FLUNKER

They say that using ponies
Will help to pull you through;
But in Geometry I've tried
And found it was not true.

The first two weeks 'twas only play,
I thought it was a cinch;
The third and fourth were not so gay,
I got through on a pinch.

The second month grew worse and worse,
The third was much more still;
When my report card came to me
It gave me quite a chill.

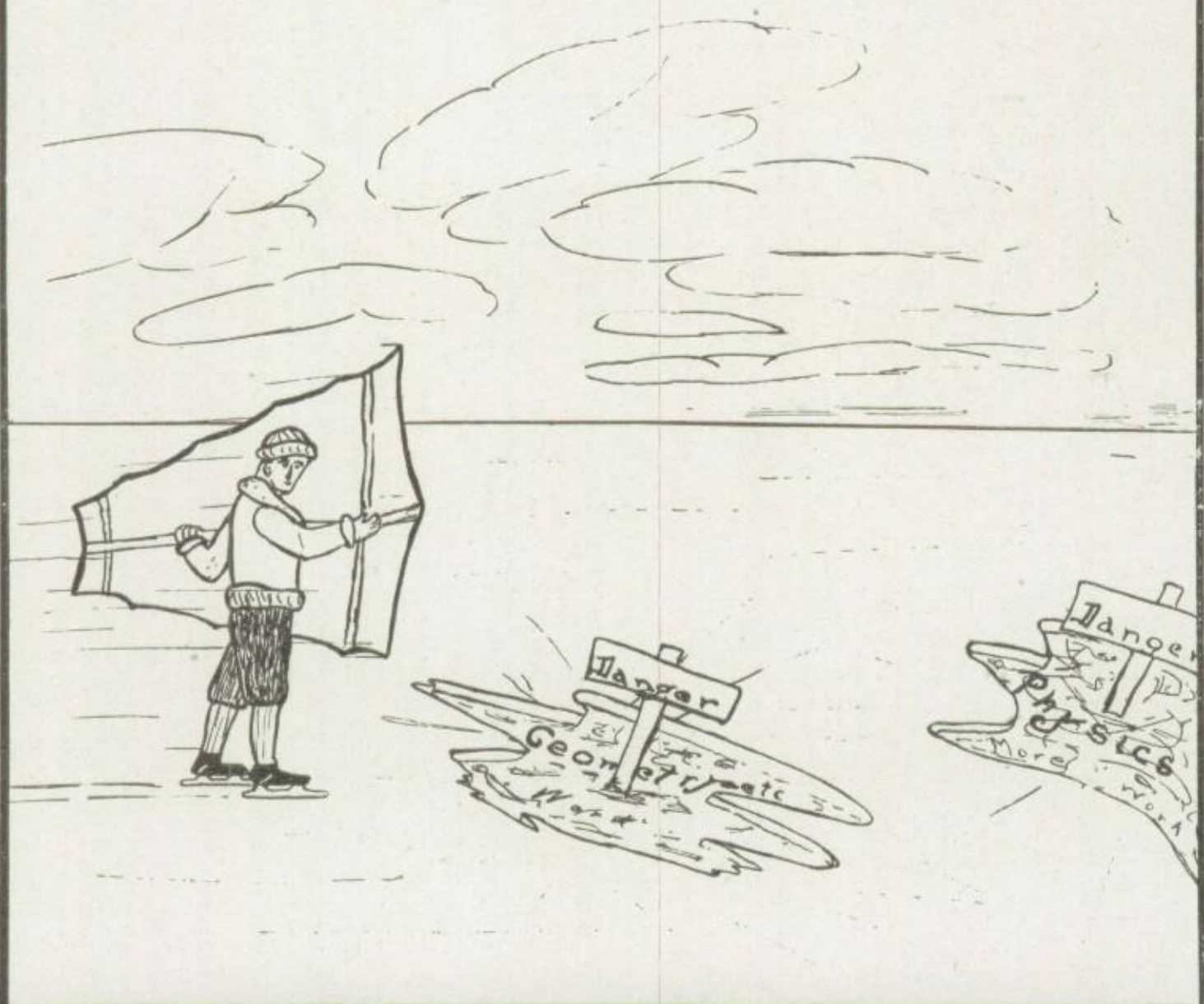
At last the fifth month came around,
The teacher's face was stern,
Upon my card was 64,
I felt my faint heart burn.

The teacher said, "John, I think
In Geometry you're weak."
I thought, too, that she was right,
And I felt very meek.

—J. H. Fox, '26.

'By his length ye shall know him.—Wilbur Paxton.

GREEN BUT NOT EVERGREEN



FRESHMEN

V Rhodes
26



FRESHMAN CLASS FORWARD

Last fall a swarm of sixty-six Freshmen came to Drummer to drink of the fountain of knowledge. Miss Nicholson was our class adviser and under her guidance we were able to accomplish much for the good of the school.

We came to high school with much to learn and much to unlearn, for we had left the grade school with quite a swelled up sense of our own importance. It was indeed humiliating to descend from the eighth grade, where we were looked up to by all our lower classmen to freshmen, where we were looked down upon by every one.

It soon dawned upon our green, but not dull green, minds that it was the fashion to elect such things as class officers. Accordingly, we met and elected Edward Burnham president, Carl Beecher vice president, and Grace Burns secretary and treasurer.

Thus we began our career at Drummer. We were allowed two members in the Student Council. We showed that we had a good sense of choice by electing Anita Roth and Richard Lane to represent us.

Near the first of the year, the Sophomores entertained us with a party. This was the first sign of recognition which we had received. We regained some of our old sense of importance.

Our conceit was well founded, for many of our number had joined the school's various activities, namely athletics, dramatics, the orchestras, the girls' glee club and boys' chorus. We had shown ourselves deserving of the praise and respect of our upper classmen. By the end of the year, the class of '27 had become quite used to the trails of high school life. We were surprised at nothing, daunted at nothing, and endeavored to accomplish all things, showing that get-up-and-try-again spirit which brings success.

—Rosie J. Rasmussen.

THE VERDANT MASS

We're the little Freshmen
To old Drummer true.
We are young and simple;
Little can we do.

Long hours of study,
Little time for play,
Make the lofty Seniors
We shall be some day.

With trembling knees and chattering
teeth
In Algebra we met our fate;
We really could not understand
What x plus y could make.

In English, too, reluctantly
Our little speech we learned to make,
And when to put in **lay** or **lie**
And when awake or wake.

In History, too, we won much fame
Learning of Egypt, Babylon, Greece,
Of Kronos and Venus fair,
And of the Golden Fleece.

So we six and sixty Freshies
Through one magic year have passed;
No one realizes more than we do
That we were as green as grass.

—Rosie J. Rasmussen, '27.

ONLY A FRESHMAN

"Only a Freshman!" (Looking o'er his work.)
"So many hard tasks laid out for me."
Near by sat a Sophomore stretching his hat band;
"If I were a Sophomore, how happy I'd be!"

"Only a Sophomore!" (Before the glass posing.)
Tidy he'd grown, for a girl had he.
"How distant the future, how slow time is going!
Were I a Junior, how happy I'd be!"

"Only a Junior!" (Climbing at last.)
No time to eat; for on the School Staff was he;
Lessons unstudied, and flunking a habit.
"If I were a Senior, how happy I'd be!"

"Only a Senior!" (Alone in a classroom.)
Planning to puzzle the Freshies was he;
Closing his eyes, his thoughts wandered backward
"Were I a Freshie, how happy I'd be!"

—Bernice Cooper.

FRESHMAN CLASS STATISTICS

Prettiest girl—Girls' Opinion.....	Charline Preston
Prettiest girl—Boys' Opinion.....	Helen Harper
Handsome boy—Girls' Opinion.....	Richard Lane
Handsome boy—Boys' Opinion.....	Richard Lane
Wittiest girl.....	Marvel McNabney
Wittiest boy.....	Sherrill Brown
Most athletic girl.....	Ilo Foley
Most athletic boy.....	Orville Razor
Most bashful girl.....	Tillie Blackmore
Most bashful boy.....	Leslie Bonnen
Greatest Giggler (boy).....	John Lichtenberger
Greatest Giggler (girl).....	Helen Wilson
Class Cut-up.....	John Heckens
Class Bluff.....	Thelma Pfoff
Class Peach.....	Grace Burns or Dorothy Z.
Class Dreamer.....	Charles Livingston
Mutt and Jeff.....	Wilbur P. and Orville R.
Class Booster.....	President of course
Most Willing girl.....	Helen Kerchenfaut
Most Willing boy.....	Carl Beecher
Most Peppy girl.....	Marvel McNabney
Most Peppy boy.....	Donald Nelson
Most Talented Musically (boy).....	George Gilmore
Most Talented Musically (girl).....	Anita Roth
Favorite amusement.....	Hiking
Ambition.....	To succeed, to graduate
Girl Who Has Done the Most for Drummer.....	Rosie R.
Boy Who Has Done the Most for Drummer...	Richard Lane

THE HALL CLOCK

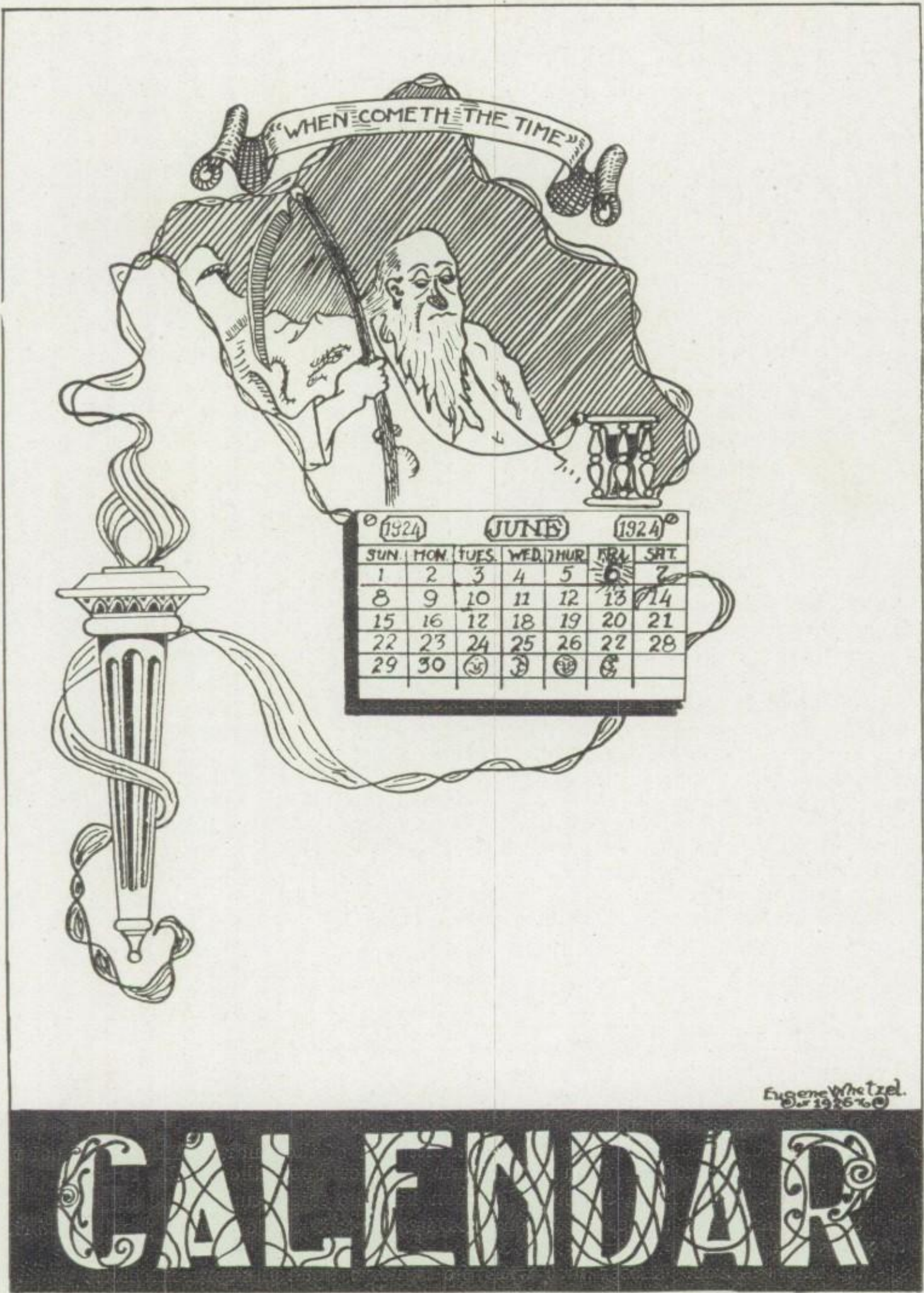
The old clock ticks in the halls of Drummer;
 When it needs fixin' they call for the plumber,
 And it blunders along except in the summer.

What tales it knows if it would but tell—
 Of parties gay, or of sad farewell!
 Yet it keeps its secrets and keeps them well.

And no one knows what its tick may mean,
 And no one knows what the clock has seen
 In the years and years that have passed between.

And yet sometimes, when the students go
 To watch its face in a thoughtful row,
 They think it whispers, "I know! I know!"

—Dorothy Oxley, '27.



CHRONOLOGY, 1923-1924

SEPTEMBER

4. Back to school again. We see many old and new faces, also many bald heads.
5. We fall into the old routine and enjoy it severely.
6. First football meeting, and a good sized squad turned out. Excellent prospects for a winning team.
7. Nothing of particular interest happened to-day.
10. The different classes met and elected their officers for the year. Members were nominated for the Student Council.
11. Freshmen display their ability at solo and group singing.
12. Flop gets in a hurry at the end of the fourth period, but Miss Killey put on the brakes and stopped him for an extra minute or two.
13. The different musical organizations receive their first instruction from Mr. Pierce.
14. An "Airedale dog" and a little "pussy cat" engage in a little scrap in the boys' cloak room.
17. Mr. Rugg gives talk on liquid air, before the entire school. He reveals many interesting facts about air. He is to come again and prove his statements.
18. It poured down rain to-day. As a result many stomachs were disappointed at noon.
19. The Student Council held its first meeting to-day. The Maroon and White staff is appointed.
20. "Hayseed" feels the effects of a discarded biscuit. Pity the poor biscuit.
21. The Domestic Science Class served lunch in the gym for the first time this year.
24. Student Council takes over the second half of the eighth period and brings forth a little business. Bob Yoder and Bernadine Swanson were elected cheer leaders.
25. A raid was made on a Sophomore gambling place. A "put and take" top and several pennies were confiscated. "Brad" runs the gauntlet.
26. The regulars beat the scrubs in the first real scrimmage of the season. The regulars scored five touchdowns and held the scrubs scoreless.
27. Mr. Loy gives a talk on courtesy to Freshmen.
28. Mr. Rugg pays his visit to the school. He gives many interesting and surprising experiments.
29. First football game. Onarga proved superior by two touchdowns. Score 19-7.

OCTOBER

1. Mr. Loy gives us another very emphatic talk on courtesy. He laid especial emphasis on what he called the "amen" group.
2. Dr. Hieronymous of the University of Illinois talks to us on the development of education.
3. All of the class and club treasurers meet with Miss Lesch to-day. Must be some money loose some place.
4. Mr. Herbst reads a letter from Mr. Bittinger of the Onarga Military School that congratulates the football team upon their conduct upon the field.
5. We beat Melvin 31-0. Siept Bauman had the misfortune to be injured.
8. Seniors were subjected to an intelligence test to determine just how bright they really are.
9. The different classes met with the Student Council representatives.
11. The new library rules placed in effect.
12. We lost to Farmer City to-day. Bill Kerchenfaut was injured and will be out for several games.

The fair sex affects me not.—Leslie Bonnen.

15. Mr. Herbst has plenty to say to the football boys regarding our defeat Friday.
16. Tryouts for the Dramatic Club play, "Peg O' My Heart."
17. Football boys meet the eighth hour. They probably got something up their sleeves.
18. Regular program for the music pupils was installed to-day.
19. It didn't rain to-day.
22. Progress on the play is increasing steadily.
23. New gymnasium and auto parking rules were adopted to-day.
24. We were entertained by a reel of pictures on Canadian scenery.
25. Mr. Herbst holds a meeting of the boys and tries to get more out for football.
26. Melvin to-day. In the eyes of fair-minded spectators we beat them, but not in the eyes of the officials.
29. "Louie the Jew" goes to sleep in Economics. Football players excused the eighth hour.
30. A noticeable increase is seen in the number out for football.
31. The girls are treated to a reel of movies.

NOVEMBER

1. Many Halloween pranks were noticed this morning. The Senior American History classes put on an assembly during the eighth period. "Americanism" was the theme.
2. We walked all over Colfax to-day. The final score was 41-6.
5. Our report cards come out to-day.
6. "Home meetings" again to-day.
7. A number of new football recruits seem to have had enough.
8. An Armistice day program was presented to-day by some of Miss Irma Killey's students.
9. A couple of Seniors get "kicked" out of class.
10. The football team journeyed to LeRoy and made an excellent showing but were defeated in the last minute. The final score was 16-12.
12. Mr. Cranor, our former superintendent, talked to us for a few minutes this morning. He was glad to see us and we were glad to see him.
13. Students waiting anxiously to learn what important topics are being discussed by the Student Council to-day.
14. The assembly room bell gets back on the job after a short lay off.
15. After several days of fine weather, rain once again put in its appearance.
16. Clarence Conrad talks to the student body on the Student Council.
17. Watseka beat us to-day 15-6.
20. Someone broke a window in the gym.
21. A reel of pictures showing the evolution of shorthand was shown.
22. Teachers go to Champaign.
26. Mr. Loy gives a talk on social morale. He also tells us to behave on Thursday—or that's what he meant anyway.
27. Mr. Loy shows his ability as a detective.
28. An assembly to-day. Big pep meeting at close of school.
29. In a battle of mud neither Paxton nor Drummer could score, leaving the dispute as to who was better, still unsettled.

DECEMBER

3. Everyone comes back from the short vacation. First call for basket ball candidates.
4. A little snow puts in its appearance.
7. Dramatic Club presents "Peg O' My Heart."
10. Ruth Powell's Wishbone broke to-day—I mean her car's wishbone.
11. Beware you "cute little boys" or you will have to see Mr. Loy.

Free verse is becoming popular because it is the only thing that is free.

12. The Senior football boys put on a little program. The letters were also presented.
13. Clarkie and Prince set out to join the Mounted Police.
14. Clarkie fresh from Chicago, proceeds to show how they do it up there. See "Red" Kerchenfaut for particulars.
17. Do your Christmas shopping. Only 7 days left.
18. First basket ball game. Saybrook comes out on top.
19. Miss Devenney puts on a program on the "Spirit of Christmas."
20. Classes are cut short and five reels of pictures are shown during the eighth period.
21. The basket ball boys trim Melvin in a fast game. The final score was 20-15.

JANUARY

7. Back to school again after two whole weeks of a rather cool vacation.
8. Senior meeting. Vote on several important matters.
9. Mr. Loy undertakes a difficult project, that of trying to get everyone to put in at least an hour of home study every night.
10. Campaign for sale of year book starts to-day. Drummer 11, Paxton 33. Too bad.
11. The team loses a heartbreaker to Roberts. Score 12-10.
14. Several of the basket ball boys pay for their folly with yellow slips.
15. Senior meeting.
16. Bobsleds furnish transportation to Saybrook to-night. One of them spills its occupants into the snow.
17. Cold wave is still with us.
18. French program postponed.
21. Worried looks put in their appearance on the part of the students.
22. Another girl gone wrong. Edythe Koehler bobs her hair.
23. Cramming is the fad to-day and to-night.
24. Exams.
25. MORE EXAMS!
28. Exam results are given out. Flunker list is rather long.
29. Singing to-day. The music stops and Mr. Loy sings a two-word solo.
30. Fremont gets all balled up in Geometry class and has to come up after school to get straightened out.
31. Hayseed makes a milk stool. Pity the poor cow.

FEBRUARY

1. Miss Killey: "Doesn't Angle 1 equal Angle 2?" Student: "No, Angle 1 or CAT would equal Angle 2 or DOG, and that wouldn't be correct."
4. Everything went fine to-day.
5. One hour a day keeps the flunkers away. Mr. Loy suggests that each of us study at least one hour outside of school.
6. It sho' did snow to-day.
7. Everybody's happy. Mr. Pierce is here.
8. Everybody's glad 'tis the last day of the week.
11. Who isn't happy on Monday?
12. The assembly bell struck again.
13. Many absentees to-day.
14. Miss Killey turns the Sophys into a flock of poets.
15. If at first you don't succeed try, try again. This advice to flunkers.
18. Ed. Prince and John Heckens, tired of the trials and tribulations of Drummer, left town. On account of icy walks some students came part way on their heads.
19. Dr. Bogart of the University of Illinois gave a talk on Persia.
20. Looking forward to a better day.

The first game I ever played was bawl.—Frank H.

21. Special assembly program to-day.
22. We lost again, this time to Farmer City, 10-9.
25. Prince returns from his little trip.
26. Morning singing doesn't work so good.
27. Different organizations are "shot" by Mr. Warner for the year book. Educational films to-day.
28. Have you got your pep? Pep signs all over the building. We get a good "bawling out" from Mr. Loy, Coach Herbst and the basket ball boys, and what's more, we deserved it.
29. Biggest crowd of the season turns out and sees the best game of the season, but we lost to Fisher, 25-21.

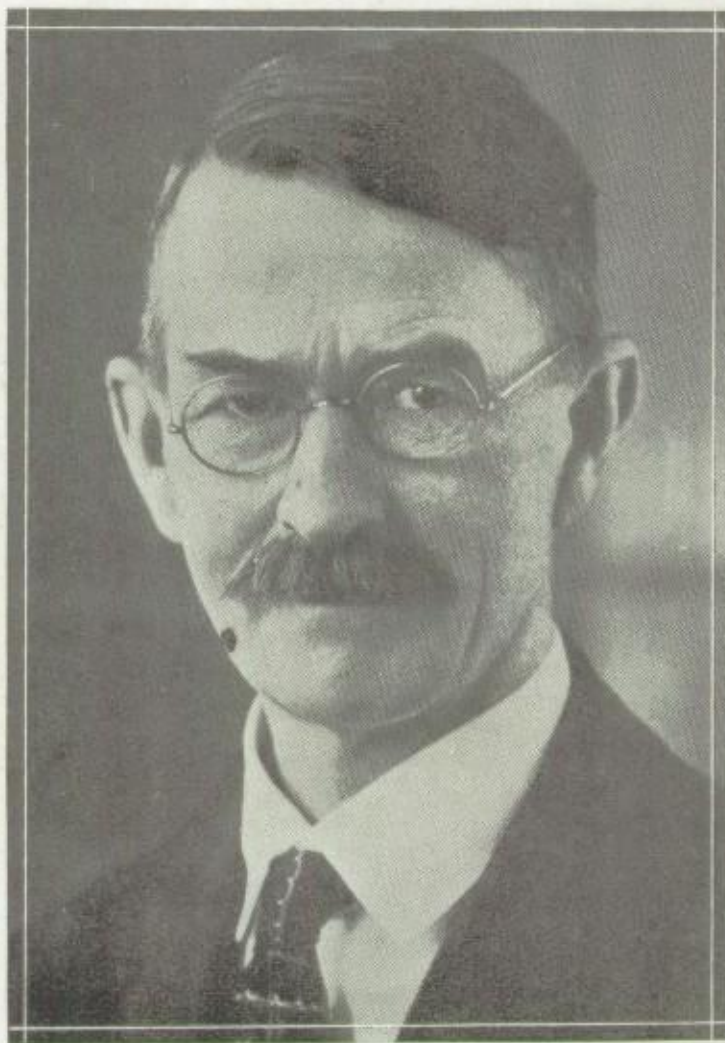
MARCH

4. Home meetings to-day.
5. Winter comes again.
6. Mr. Pierce leads another interesting song to-day. First call for baseball candidates.
7. Miss Klatt's classes put on a two-act play. It was good.
10. Drawings for inter-class tournament made.
11. Seniors just beat the Scouts in the first game of the tournament. Score, 9-8.
12. The Frosh give the Gully Wullys a lesson in basket ball.
13. Scalawag-Gully Wully subscription contest. The Bookkeeping Sharks beat the Sophomores in the third game of the tournament, 23-7.
14. The Bookkeeping Sharks, alias the "Lesch Independents", cop the inter-class championship. They wallop the Seniors 17-8 in the final game. Juniors take third and Frosh fourth.
17. Six reels of "Julius Caesar" at the Edna this afternoon.
18. Mr. Loy reads a message to the able-bodied boys over 17 years of age.
19. First outdoor baseball practice.
20. Wonder what happened to-day.
21. First day of spring. Snow in every direction.
22. Gully Wullys win the Year Book subscription contest.
25. Mr. Harahan of Chicago gives us a talk on the Federal Reserve system.
26. Senior meeting.
27. Visitors from Paxton to-day.
28. Junior meeting. Date set for reception.
31. Baseball practice in the snow to-day.

APRIL

1. April Fool.
2. Gully Wullys put on their assembly.
3. The parties belonging to the different "loving matches" are snapped for the Year Book.
6. Another epidemic has hit the school. This time it's "spring fever".
7. "Pussyfoot" Johnson talks to us on "combined efforts".
8. Senior girls meet to talk about class night costumes.
9. Senior "roughs" get called down.
10. The grind goes on.
11. The Law class gets out of exams because nobody's there to take it. Everybody gone to game.
14. Blue Monday.
15. First try-outs for "Come Out of the Kitchen".
16. Teachers clean house. My, but they discovered a lot of dirt!
17. Patrons' Day. We enjoy the benefit of short rest after 2:30.
18. Rooters go to Roberts.
24. Junior play a decided success.
26. Off to press!

I would live and die a bachelor.—Owen Crowe.



OUR FRIEND

Mr. A. T. Poplett, our janitor, has been with us for almost eight years. His greatest pride is in the success of the school, and he enjoys doing more than his bit towards its welfare. He is a part of Drummer, a true Drummerite.

He is always agreeable and obliging, never grumbling and sputtering. His perpetual campaign against dirt is carried on in a systematic and economical manner.

No matter what he may be doing at the time or wherever he may be, if a teacher or student calls on him to do something, he drops his work and goes to help them. Especially does he work hard when we have plays, parties, ball games, and the like. These things put a great deal of extra work on his shoulders, but he does it without a grumble.

That is why we are dedicating this page, not to the janitor, not to Mr. Poplett, but to "BERT."

If flunk we must, in God we trust. —Wm. Peterson, Wilbur S.



DRUMMER HAS A CHAPTER IN THE NATIONAL HONOR SOCIETY

Is it something new? Truly it is, for this is the first time in Drummer's history that she has ever been able to make a claim like this.

Last fall, after we had received our chapter in the National Honor Society, our next duty was to elect the members to it. These were chosen from the thirteen, or rather the fourth of the Senior class, who possessed the highest average grades. Five from this list were chosen at the first of the year by the Senior class itself and the faculty.

The merits upon which this election was based were scholarship, service rendered to the school, leadership and worth of character.

The five people selected were Elmer Stein, Wilbur Parker, Owen Crowe, Evelyn Dueringer, and Margretha Rasmussen.

After the first semester, three more Senior names were elected to the society in the same manner that the five had been. These three were Francis Bryant, Valla Parker, and Orris Poplett.

Two Juniors will be eligible to this organization in May, as they cannot be elected until the last month of the school year. This makes a total of ten members by the end of the year. The meetings of the Honor Society are held on the first Monday of each month. At the first meeting of the second semester, Francis Bryant was elected President and Valla Parker, Secretary.

Since members are privileged to wear pins designating their membership, none of them were able to resist the temptation, and so all are wearing the decorations.

We sincerely hope that this society will create an enthusiasm for scholarship, stimulate a desire to render service, promote worthy leadership, and encourage the development of character in the pupils of Drummer.

Orris Poplett.

Any other man appears as a boy when compared with Mr. Loy.



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

In September, 1924, the Student Council of Drummer Township High School was started upon its second year of existence when the four classes met and chose the following members:

Clarence Conrad	President
Elmore Watts	Vice-President
Virginia Lane	Secretary
Wilbur Parker	Robert Cunningham	Richard Lane
Constance Johnson	Anita Roth	Merrit Kerchenfaut

The purpose of the Student Council is to provide opportunities for the students to co-operate in the internal government of Drummer, to encourage worthy student activities, and to promote the general welfare of the school.

The Council does a great part of its work through committees, the most important of which are the gymnasium and library committees. Their work is easily designated by their names.

The Student Council receives suggestions through the home rooms. The three upper classes are divided into two groups each. Each group has a president, vice-president and secretary. These groups discuss vital needs of the school and offer suggestions, which are acted upon by the Council.

The Student Council also endeavors to keep the pep of the school at par. This is accomplished by having a pep meeting at least every two weeks.

The Student Council is truly a worthy organization. Its success depends upon the attitude of the students for it is what the students make it.

Standhope Foster — "German marks are low, but they're no lower than mine."



DOMESTIC SCIENCE

This a picture of the advanced cooking class, a favorite among Drummerites.

"The world may live without books,

But what could it do without cooks?"

The savory odors ascending from below during the fourth hour are most tempting. Indeed, we can usually tell what is going to be served, whether it is chicken, potatoes au gratin, spaghetti, or roast beef.

Surely we ought to consider ourselves fortunate that we are able to sit down to a nice, warm, appetizing dinner. It makes one feel so much more like working all afternoon. We seldom realize how much these people do for Drummer. They apply their theories—that is, they use them on Drummer, and we, as Drummerites, take this opportunity to express that appreciation which is their due.

Miss Klatt, head of the department, has been with us for four years and the wonders she has performed are remarkable. The Senior girls who came from the town school perhaps remember quite vividly coming up to the high school every Thursday and Friday, five or six years ago. The old lab. doesn't look like the same place, does it? There are glass-top tables, pretty buff walls, roomy cupboards, a refrigerator, a clock that runs, the floors have been varnished and congoletum rugs put down. It is the nicest place in school, and to think the hot lunches helped to pay for it!

But that is not all—we manage to keep the department pretty busy, don't we? At every party that we have, including the Junior-Senior banquet, the institutes and at every feed that comes along besides the daily hot lunches, they are always ready to help.

Let's give "Three cheers for the Cooks!" What do you say?

The boy with the patent leather hair—George Stolz.

MAROON AND WHITE

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Serious Accident on the Hard Road

Last week while coming to school, the Elliott Gang, consisting of Bill Barrow, John Hatteberg, Stub Anderson, Kelly Hill, and Chet Hickerson, overturned in their fliwyer just north of West street in Elliott. This is what happened: Bill, who was driving, flew through the top, making a nose dive and lit on the radiator, completely crush-

ing it; John, who was telling of a big baseball game, cut a keen slide for about twenty feet; Stub, the first baseman, took his spill in the shape of a fast walk; Kelly, the catcher, caught a wheel as it passed; and Chet—where was he? They looked all around, but could see no Chet! Chet, the old gum King! "Oh, there he is!" cried Kelly, as he pointed to the engine. Sure enough, there was Chet emerging from the carburetor.

"It Ain't Gonna Rain No More"

This is what the Juniors say. That ought not to worry them. They're so jolly, anyway. Their banquet will be a success. I heard one say so! Aren't they confident? If the night of the banquet is like the one last year, they will say, "It Can't Rain No More." Oh, yes, I just heard a Freshman say that if it did not rain, there would be a long dry spell. Now, isn't that surprising?

Great Cat-After-Me (Catastrophe)

Someone set a thumb tack on Chet's seat this morning, and it caused a great uprising.

Naturalist

Eugene W. has proved his ability as a naturalist. The other day the local Biology instructor sent him out to snare some animals for study.

About forty minutes later brought Eugene back to class. Everybody was anxious to see what he had caught, but he refused to tell. He said that we should guess. As we couldn't guess, he described them for us. He said, "I have snared three wild and woolly creatures, all the same kind and the same color. Many people have them for pets—in circuses—they are very beautiful, have long slender bodies, beautiful eyes, no eyebrows, a small head, and no goatee. They are a very fierce thing and are therefore hard to scare. They run fast, but yet have no legs. Some of them lay eggs. Now, what are they?"

These are some of the answers he got—Ford, cucumber, potato cricket, mouse, hatpin, rabbits (Easter), etc.

"Nope, you're wrong," said he, dumping three snakes out on the table.

Read the Maroon and White.

The Wake

Dear Miss Wake:—Please tell me some more ways to break the rules. I have done everything that I can think of, but so far I have been neither put on probation nor suspended from school. I am very much discouraged. Please help me.—Sincerely, LaVonne Sawyer.

Dear: Do not give up hope; all is not yet lost. Have you tried setting the curtains on fire, or stopping up the keyholes? While your case is serious, it is not hopeless. I advise extreme measures, such as varnishing the cobwebs in the office. Let me know how you are getting on, dear LaVonne.—Sincerely, Miss Wake.

Dear Miss Wake:—Will you please advise me what to do around the schoolhouse? The pupils are so tidy that I am running out of work. If this keeps on, I am afraid that I will lose my job.—Bert.

Dear Bert:—Now, it is strange that you are in such a predicament, but yet natural. Have you tried trimming Shakespeare's beard? Or have you given Lincoln a massage? If this does not keep you busy why not start in to tuning instruments of the "Gang" who reside above the library.—Wake.

When It's Eight O'Clock When You Leave Home, It's Nine-Fifteen Before You Reach School

"Now, isn't that too bad?" That's what Ethel Cline says. You know she lives out by Harpster. She says that being late is not all. A yellow slip sometimes comes into her possession, and what shall she do with it? It counts two off her grade every time she gets one—about every morning—so she has to find some way of eluding it. It was very deep for her to figure it out, but she, being a wise girl, decided that the best way to avoid a yellow slip was to get there at nine o'clock.

Hero—Rescues Car

While Ruth Powell was driving her "tin" to school the other day, it stopped on the I. C. track just across from the "Famous" (?). A train was coming at close range making it very dangerous for the car. Louie also happened to be walking along there, and seeing the car, he with the strength of "Samson" rolled the tin Elizabeth off the track. For his trouble, Ruth drove him up to school.

Ten Years Ago

Masters Lloyd Sawyer, Robert Yoder and Chester Hickerson were delivered tricycles last Friday.

Master Lee Kerchenfack was seriously injured by a speed cop.

Katy Fitz was entertained by a crowd of May basketeters.

Masters Arthur Hedlund, Orris Poplett, Verner Frykman, and Misses Marion Huston, Ruth Powell and Gay Ella Wakefield attended the Barnum & Bailey circus, which was held at Derby Wednesday.

Bernadine had her hair bobbed

Ten Years Hence

Owen Crowe graduates from the Radio University of Ciba.

Margretha Rasmussen makes her debut in the "Akerissa", a famous opera house in Italy.

John Fox is considered by the literary critics the second Mark Twain.

Bill Burnham enters the 500 miles race at Indianapolis, Ind. The tracks are fine and Bill knows how to Burn(em)ham.

Evan Speers is teacher in Manual Training at Bloomington, Ill.

Exhibition

We were entertained last Friday by four young ladies—Marion Huston, Valla Parker, Grace Dueringer and Bernadine Swanson. These unfortunates were caught in the act of committing the terrible sin of chewing gum. Their penalty was an exhibition before the student body. In other words, you can say they put on a mermaid (?) comedy.

We learned much. Never before had we thought it could be used as a pop gun, or that it was so stretchy. Oh, yes, it will stick behind your ear, too.

Boys, please buy these girls more gum, so that we can have another laugh.

Fire Disaster

A great fire broke out in the corridor last week, destroying almost all of the floors in the lower part of the hall. No insurance was carried and the school will have an expense of several thousand dollars to repair the excellent marble which made up the floor. The money will be raised by the sell-Country Gentleman". As this is a ing of the magazine called, "The very popular booklet in this vicinity, it is thought that the entire cost of the fire can be raised without much difficulty.

Society

Dorothy Zimmerman entertained a few of her most beloved friends recently with a Mah Jong tea, which was destroyed by two of the party. The trouble began when Lloyd Sawyer tried to convince Bill Burnham that Mae Marsh was not a swamp.

John Noble gave an elastic party last Friday, and it is said that everybody stretched before he went home—"3 o'clock in the morning."

"Hear this dreamy melody, that soothing refrain—" was the chief song sung by the leap year serenaders on Sunday night. The boys heard it, but they thought it was the nymphs of their dreams, so they snoozed on. These serenaders might be all right in the dark ages of the past, but for the twentieth century boys which we are, it is entirely too Victorian.

Assembly

The Gully Wullys gave their assembly yesterday. The following program was given:

Song—The only time that I'd like to be down and out is when I'm up in an aeroplane.—Sarepta Bane.

Explanatory Reading—How a man can be cross-eyed and honest and yet look crooked.—Edith Gragg. yet look crooked.—Edith Gragg.

Debate—Which should they say when addressing a Ford, "Henry" or "Elizabeth"?—By Shug and Billy Hartford. They resolved that it should be called "Junk" with 2 Js.

Piano Solo—Kitten on the Keys—Pussy Williams—former student of Drummer.

Song—Good night, ladies—Chet Hickerson.

Mental Telepathy

The class of Civics was discussing the matter of vice-presidents when the following important question arose: "Who was it that took the chair when Abraham Lincoln was kil—" At this psychological moment the notes of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" broke the silence. What could be more significant? This brings up the sad remembrances of the time when we looked eastward for three minutes this last summer.

Possible

Miss Nicholson—"Arthur, if the President and Vice-President were both to die, who would get the job?"

Arthur (after a long silence)—"The undertaker, I suppose."



ALL ALONE



PRACTISING ?



ALL ALONE



DAVID RAGG



FRANCIS B.
♥



STUDYING ?



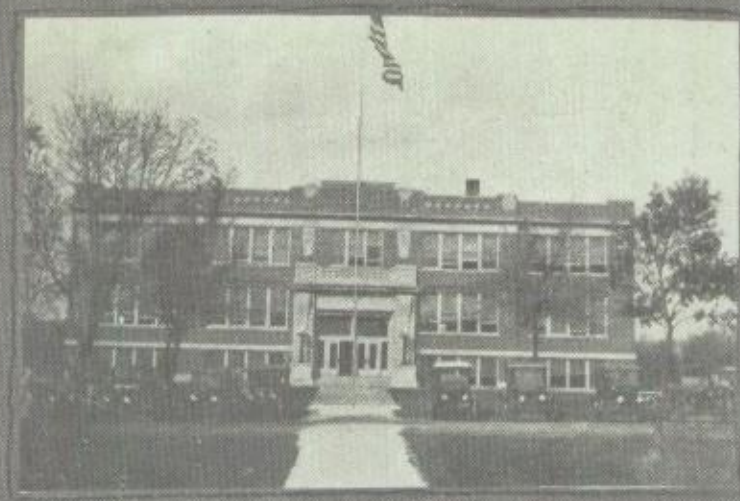
MERRINE S.
♥



Big Boy!



COM. SPECIALIST



D. T. H. S.



TUNING UP!



WHY THE BLACK EYE



SENIOR PRES.



SINCLAIR OIL CO.



Hi! Bert



GULLY WOLLY
CAPTAIN



OUR
FAXTON HERO



ALL ALONE



ALL ALONE

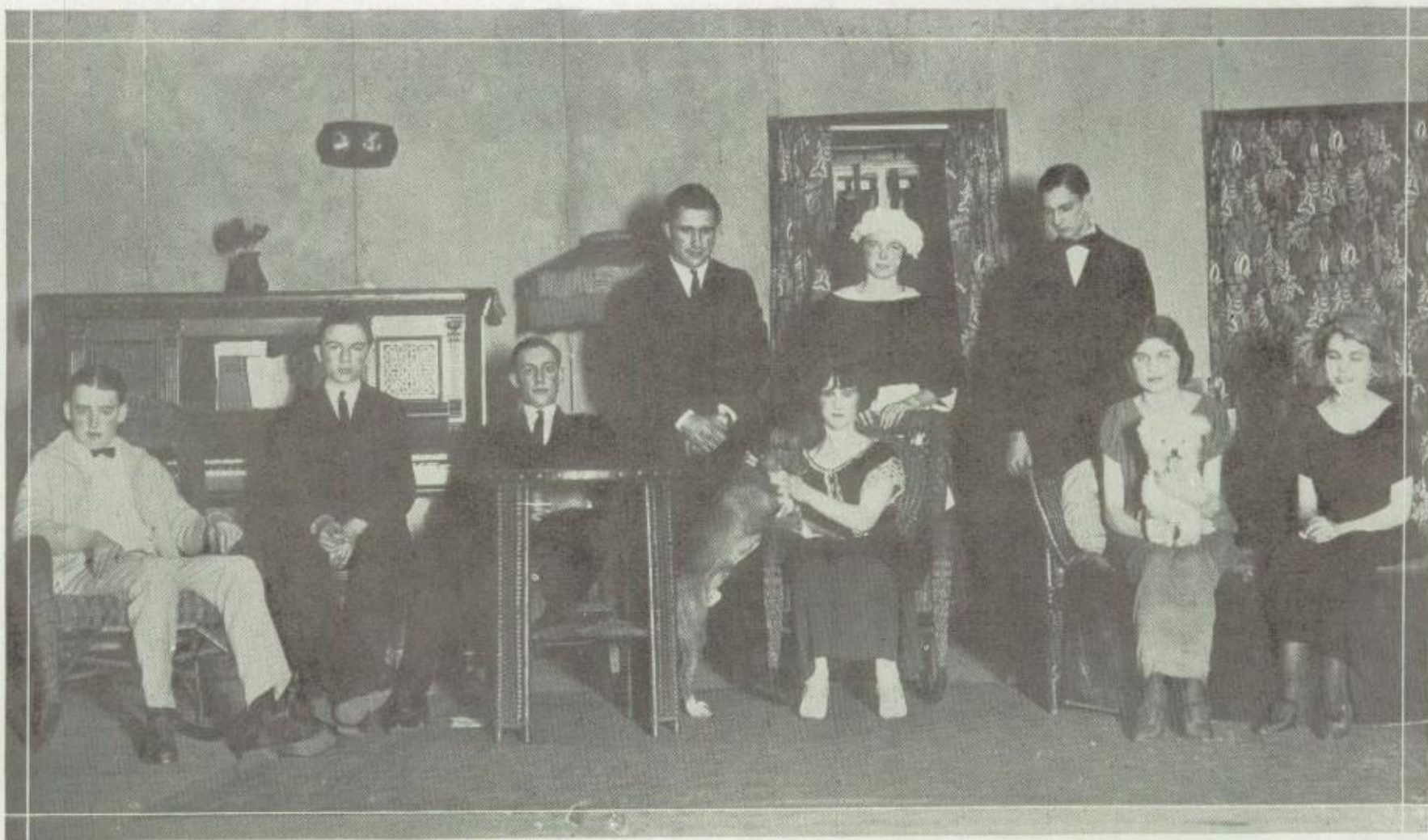


MISS BARTON

Miss Mary K. Barton came from Princeton, Illinois, to Drummer in 1919. Besides being our English instructor, she has devoted her time to dramatics. Her timely arrival proved a stimulus to our newly organized Dramatic Club. At the beginning of its history, only Juniors and Seniors were eligible, but now, membership is extended to the entire student body. Each year the members are given an opportunity to show their dramatic ability in a series of try outs. The difficult task of selecting the cast then falls to Miss Barton. She apparently does it with unerring instinct, because it has been during the last few years that our Dramatics have risen to such prominence. This has not been accomplished in a short time, but has required many wearisome hours on the part of Miss Barton. This time has cheerfully been given, and Miss Barton has been a delightful coach, never once losing patience, although she probably often has reason to do so. It is no easy task to coach the Dramatic Club play, the annual Junior X, and the Senior play each year, besides many performances put on for the assembly. This is the record Miss Barton holds, and it is one to be proud of.

Unfortunately for us she will not be with us next year and her departure means a great loss to us. She leaves an "empty place" in the hearts of all Drummerites because of her personal interest in them.

A merry heart doeth good like a medicine.—Beulah B.



PEG O' MY HEART

The Chichester family lived in England in a beautiful mansion, caring about nothing, worrying about nothing; in fact they were people of leisure. Then came the thunderbolt, their bank failed. They lost all their money and Ethel, the only child, and Alaric, the only man around the house except the servant, would now have to earn their daily bread. Oh! the disgrace of work. Just in the utmost time of despair Mr. Hawks, a lawyer, made a proposition to them. He said that if Mrs. Chichester would submit in taking a so-called Peg into her home, she, Mrs. Chichester, would receive one thousand pounds a year. Now as this would save them from bankruptcy they decided to take her for a month.

Then Peg came! Oh, how she looked! Such a dog. And she called it Michael! Indeed Peg was all Irish, even in her talk.

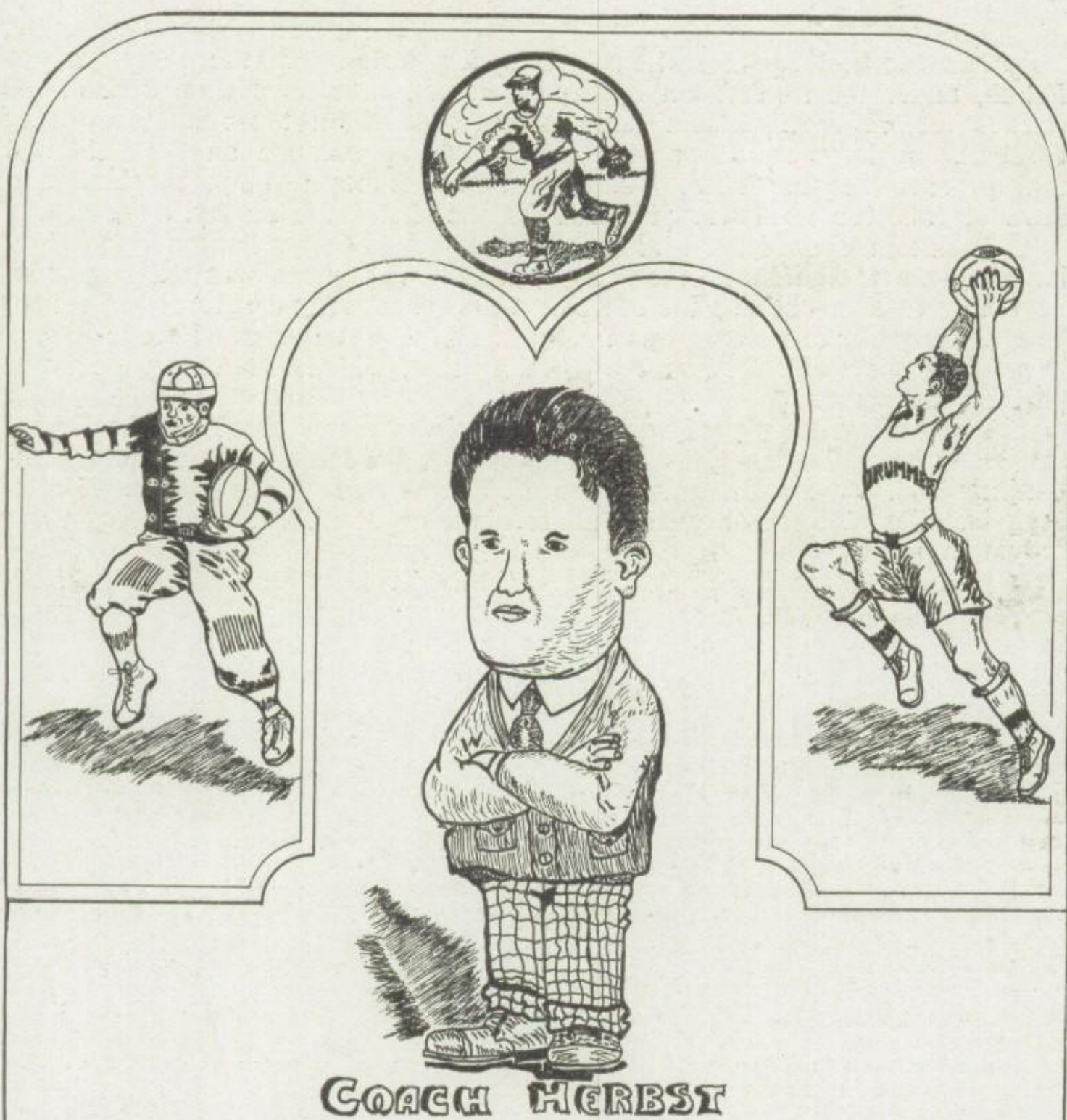
In her Irish brogue she would sass Mrs. Chichester and Alaric, torment Ethel with her dog, and all around she was in bad with everyone. But the family needed her thousand pounds so they had to endure it. Then Jerry happened along and of course Peg and he fell in love—at first sight.

In course of time, Peg went to a dance with Jerry against the wishes of her "arnt." In anticipation of this event Peg had been so happy that she sang. And Oh! such wails—and it was "Last Night on the Back Porch!" Congratulations on that.

She went to the dance and did many things she wasn't supposed to do. Before the play ended Peg rescued Ethel from—"Aw, yes, zee villain, and oh what a villain; was married, had wife and baby, and wanted to marry Ethel." She did that. She also turned down Alaric—rather have her dog—wouldn't have Mr. Hawks, hated Brent, but she did consent to be the wife of Sir Gerald—alias Jerry. Maybe it was all caused by the delightful thunderstorm. Who knows?

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mrs. Chichester	Evelyn Dueringer
Alaric	Frank Hunt
Ethel	Lorene Johnson
Peg	Janeace Davidson
Jerry	Clarence Conrad
Brent	Chester Hickerson
Maid	Rosie Rasmussen
Jarvis	Cleo Pruitt



COACH HERBST

Athletics

OWEN
ROWE

1923 BASEBALL SEASON

The baseball squad started their spring training in the early part of March, under the supervision of Coach Herbst. Meetings were held in the science lecture room, where lectures were given on the fundamentals of baseball. A large squad of men made their appearance on the field and real practice began. After weeks of stiff training through sunshine and snow storms, the team was prepared for the first game on April thirteen.

Drummer opened her season's schedule by defeating Paxton in an eight inning game to the tune of eleven to nine. The game was exciting from beginning to end, because the score was always close and several times tied. The fielding of both teams was not of the best, but this can be overlooked because of the wet field and the drizzling rain, which fell during the latter part of the game.

The next game played with Piper City was merry sport for the Drummerites. Piper City's twirler was unable to stop Drummer's terrible bombardment. In the fifth inning, our men scored seventeen points. Hattburg had the visitors completely under his wing at all times, allowing them only two scores.

In the first game with Bellflower, the tables turned. Golden, the Bellflower twiller, had an edge on our pitcher and Drummer lost. The game with Roberts again turned the tables and Drummer won.

The encounter with Onarga is one that will be remembered, not because of the game but because of the weather. The field was very muddy, making it impossible for good playing. The only spectacular play of the day came in the last inning when the catcher for Onarga drove the ball over our right fielder's head for a home run. This was the only circuit drive made in any of the games played.

In the return game with Bellflower, Stein, with the aid of real support, held the Trojan batters to one score, while our men scored four times. This was the smoothest and best game played.

Drummer made the poorest showing of the season when she played Paxton for the second time. The team was defeated owing to errors made in fielding, but it was a game that made the crowd go wild with excitement.

In the struggle with Strawn, Drummer got into her old stride again and came out with a big lead. Strawn was handicapped by the size of her men.

The return game with Piper City was another lopsided affair with Drummer on the heavy side. Jordan hurled a good game, allowing the Piper City team only one score.

Drummer played the tie off with Paxton in another battle. Owing to a ninth inning rally, Paxton won the victory, which gave them the championship of the Ford County League.

In the last conflict of the season, Drummer shut out Strawn by a score of eight to nothing.

This was the coach's first year in Drummer and he had to build nearly a whole new team because of vacancies made by graduation. Next year only four will be lost by graduation leaving a complete infield. The coach's problem next spring will be to develop new out fielders, a task which, judging from the number of substitutes, should be an easy matter.

He never lied, he never flunked. I reckon he never knowed how.—Orris Poplett.

FOOTBALL

Early in September a meeting of the aspirants to the football team was held. A varied assortment of boys was present. Along with the "old men" were many new ones. The group included everything from Freshmen to Seniors. There were, however, only about twenty-five in all.

Practice was light at first, of course, but soon to the ears of people on the leeward side of the field came, "All right, that'll be enough of that, take that ball and practice charging." Or, "You, and you, and you" (and so on until all desired are designated) "practice on that tackling dummy. The rest of you guys can come over here and practice blocking, and I want to see you leave your feet every time you go at a man." Each evening's practice started, that is for the tardies, to the tune of, "Two Laps" (around the field) and ended for all not exempt (only those with broken bones were exempt) to the tune of anywhere from two to five laps.

It must not be supposed, however, that practice was all work and no play. Coach Herbst and his band are jolly fellows, and "Many a joke they had and many a laugh they laughed." But there are always quitters in every group, and this squad was no exception. Early in the fall several who had not yet learned to "stick" quit, until the squad consisted of only sixteen or seventeen men. There were seldom enough men out for the regular scrimmage.

Among these were some of those sturdy underclassmen who weighed all of a hundred pounds, and some were overgrown Seniors who weighed but very little more. But Coach Herbst and his men were game and so they redoubled their efforts and practice went on as before.

The First Game.

Drummer lost her first game to Onarga's heavy military team, by score, but won in sportsmanship.

Mr. Herbst received a letter from the principal of Onarga Military School, which is as follows:

Onarga Military School,
Onarga, Illinois,
October 3, 1923.

Dear Mr. Herbst:

I am sorry that I was not able to meet you after the game last Saturday in order that I might express to you our appreciation of your boys in the game. They are to be congratulated on the showing they made, both in sportsmanship and effort, against some odds and breaks in the luck.

Our boys, of course, are pleased to have beaten Gibson City the first time in any sport—but they were especially pleased at the way the game went off—with no dirty playing on either side.

You are to be congratulated, too, and we truly hope that we may continue this splendid athletic relationship.

We find, in our relations with many schools in this vicinity, that the idea is to win the largest number of games possible on schedule rather than strive toward a certain goal for individual benefits.

We had tried to build our athletic policy on the latter and are mighty well pleased to find others working towards the same end.

Very truly yours

L. N. Bittinger.

The Hottest Game of the Season.

Drummer marched out on the field at LeRoy to play the champions. LeRoy was one of the best teams in the state. They had not been beaten, and did not intend to be.

At the very first of the game it could be seen that LeRoy would have to fight harder than she had at any previous time or she would lose her record. As soon as LeRoy got within field kicking distance, she tried and made good a field kick.

In the second quarter by means of a break. LeRoy scored another touchdown.

Louie, Drummer's fast half back, grabbed a fumble and ran nearly the length of the field for a touchdown. Drummer had been fighting hard all through the game, but after this taste of blood nothing could have stopped them. Steadily, Drummer drove LeRoy back until Drummer was within striking distance. With almost uncanny speed and force Kerchenfaut shot through the line for a touchdown. The score was 12 to 10 with Drummer leading. Grim determination was written across the face of every player. LeRoy would have gone down to defeat in one of the hottest games ever played, had not one of LeRoy's men succeeded in getting around Judy and making a touchdown out of a punt.

The Thanksgiving Day Game—Paxton and Drummer.

Instead of the bright sunny day that both teams had hoped for, Thanksgiving Day was a cold and rainy one. Both teams were out to win in spite of cold, rain, and mud. A large crowd of enthusiasts came to see the contest. They didn't seem to mind the bad roads or the bad weather, since they were to see the biggest game of the season.

The play started by Paxton kicking to Drummer. Drummer kicked to Paxton, who tried to carry the ball, but was unable to make headway.

In the second quarter Paxton again tried to carry the ball, but failed to gain either through or around Drummer's line. Near the last of the second quarter Drummer started hitting the line. Chalmer Kerchanfaut,

our fullback, and one of the hardest hitters and best all-around football men, who ever played on Drummer field, tore through Paxton's heavy line for big gains. Again and again, he plunged through Paxton's line for six, seven and eight yards at a time. Drummer reached Paxton's seven yard line with first down and goal to go just at the blowing of the whistle which in all probability was the only thing that stopped Drummer from crossing the goal with a rush.

Drummer had bad luck getting away punts in the third quarter and Paxton had the ball within the twenty yard line nearly all of the time. They failed to gain by carrying the ball and tried three field kicks that also failed.

In the fourth quarter, both teams tried desperately hard to score, but were unable to do so because of the muddy field and the determination of each team that the other should not score. The game ended with the score of 0 to 0.

Schedule of Games.

Drummer 7;	Onarga 19.	Drummer 41;	Colfax 6.
Drummer 31;	Melvin 0.	Drummer 12;	LeRoy 16.
Drummer 0;	Farmer City 33.	Drummer 6;	Watseka 15.
Drummer 6;	Melvin 10.	Drummer 0;	Paxton 0.

Drummer's Letter Men.

Edmund Cameron	Julian Johnson	Ronald Jordan
Louis Lynch	Floyd Troyer	Lloyd Sawyer
Verner Frykman	Evan Kerchenfaut	Emil Cooper
Chalmer Kerchenfaut	Raymond Speers	Claude Nelson
Francis Bryant		Harold Cameron

THINGS WE FRANKLY ADMIT WE DO NOT KNOW

Is Edna Wright?
 Can Owen Crowe?
 Is Constance John (s) son?
 Is John Wool-ey?
 If Raymond Speers?
 Does Wilfred Burn'em?
 Is Robert Noble?
 Does Edna Swallow?
 Is Aline (a) Carpenter?
 Is Hazel Bitter?
 Can Lola Rider?
 Is Claude Nel (s) son?
 Is Warren Brown?
 Does Frank Hunt?
 Was Richard Lane?
 Does Pat Walker?
 Is Helen Young?
 Is Kermit (a) Bett'e?
 What's Virgin'a (s) Price?



TUBBY



JORDAN CAMERON



TROYER



McCot



Kelly



Kelly



O'Connell

BRYANT

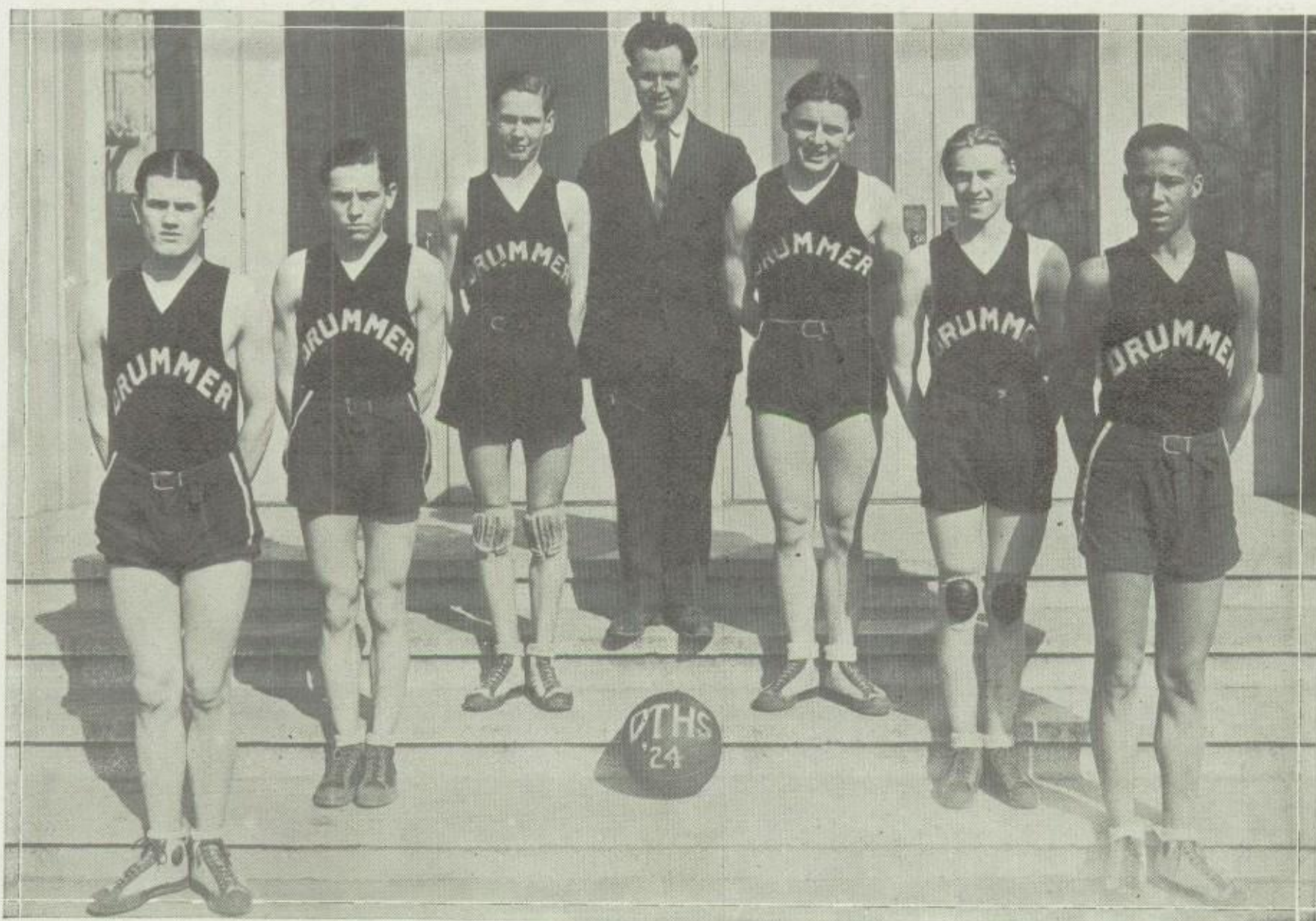


BILL SAWYER



JUDY





BASKET BALL

With rather poor season prospects for a good basket ball squad, Coach Herbst created a combination of Captain Troyer, Leonard, Barrow, Johnson, Day and Cunningham that loomed as formidable.

Only one of the quintet, however, was an experienced player. Owing to ineligibilities, our tall lanky star center and running guard were unable to play.

The team's record of 2 victories and 14 defeats was especially remarkable because 4 of the defeats came by one basket, 4 by two baskets.

Troyer, Barrow, and Johnson, in the last game of the season, showed some wonderful exhibition of fighting. They played their last game for Drummer in glory. Troyer was every inch a fighter, and because of his speed and ability to break up plays he kept the opponents' scores remarkably low. "B.II" Barrow was new to high school basket ball and was not in form in the first few games, but showed many streaks of brilliance throughout the latter part of the season. "Jute" Johnson was a husky forward, and speedy. It was his knowledge of dodging and turning, which he acquired in football, that made him elusive and one of the Drummer features. "Dave" Leonard was not a flashy player, but so consistent that near the end of the season he was near perfection. His good judgment in taking the right man in pinches saved many points against Drummer. "Bob" Cunningham and Day, our midget forwards, were both new in basket ball, but they showed us how fast you have to be to be speedy. They should make good forwards next year.

Scores.

Drummer 4, Saybrook 7; Drummer 20, Melvin 15; Drummer 5, Paxton 13; Drummer 9, Bellflower 20; Drummer 10, Roberts 12; Drummer 18, Farmer City 6; Drummer 11, Paxton 33; Drummer 17, Saybrook 9; Drummer 5, Fisher 7; Drummer 9, Clinton 14; Drummer 12, Melvin 13; Drummer 12, Melvin 18; Drummer 1, Roberts 24; Drummer 9, Farmer City 10; Drummer 9, Roberts 18; Drummer 21, Fisher 25.



"MARVELOUS"



GONE & GOING



AN ARMFUL



"TOM MIX & TONY"



"BOYS IS BOYS"



FRKIN'



FLOWERS



EVERYBODY PRESENTED BUT ME



FLOWERS



STEPPING OUT



"TWINS"



GOOD



LOVE



MUSIC



GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

There are about fifty members in the Girls' Glee Club, which was organized in September. With Mr. Pierce as director and Josephine Gilmore as pianist, rehearsals are held every Thursday afternoon during the eighth hour. "Fairer Evening," "The Woodland Calls," "Waterlilies" and other songs have been nearly mastered. There are almost as many first sopranos as there are altos and second sopranos combined. The Glee Club made its debut before the assembly; and at a later time it appeared at the Farmer's Institute. With such excellent training, the girls are making rapid progress in learning many new songs.

Virginia Lane.

Marie Ashmore
Hazel Bitters
Grace Burns
Lola Clifton
Ilo Foley
Frances Fox
Marvel McNabney
Alta Mitchell
Dorothy Oxley
Thelma Pfoff
Charline Preston
Lola Rider
Geraldine Swanson
Hazel Turner
Dorothy Zimmerman
Mercedes Bryant

Martha McBride
Doris Anderson
Cora Ashley
Letha Bane
La Vonne Sawyer
Helen Young
Edythe Koehler
Edna Wright
Violet Burgeson
Aline Carpenter
Violet Conrad
Janeace Davidson
Doris Dever
Augusta Hanson
Wilma Jardine
Virginia Lane

Merty Pemberton
Bernice Sturm
Hilda Vehrs
Zeta Warman
Judith Wright
Evelyn Anderson
Doris Buesing
Ruby Fitz Patrick
Josephine Gilmore
Edith Gragg
Constance Johnson
Alice Leenerman
Wilha Main
Goldie Pruitt
Bernice Smith
Grace Dueringer

Faculty Motto—We teach those we can, and those we can't, we can.



BOYS' GLEE CLUB

When the call for members in the Boys' Glee Club was sounded, about twenty-five strapping young lads responded.

Of late the membership has decreased to about fifteen. Under the patient coaching of Mr. Pierce, the boys have progressed rapidly enough to produce an octette fit for public performance.

The entire group should be complimented on their perseverance and persistence in mastering the selections set before them.

Shakspeare once said, "Music hath charms to soothe the savage beast." Although the members of the Boys' Glee Club should not be considered as savage beasts, they have been successful in their musical attempts. The faithful few are:

Robert Yoder

Chester Hickerson

Raymond Speers

William Phares

Bruce Clark

Stewart Anderson

Frank Hunt

Charles Livingston

Virgil Rhodes

George Reiners

William Peterson

Wilbur Shilts

Carrol Walker

Orris Poplett

A smile that laps over and buttons in the back—Goldie Pruitt.



DRUMMER ORCHESTRA

In the year of 1921 Drummer set forth her ship, "The Orchestra," on the sea of music. Under the command of different teachers who offered their services, the ship became a rover of the sea, sometimes barely escaping destruction. In the year 1924, the ship reached port, where, under the instruction of Mr. Pierce, it was being repaired. There was started the construction of a tug boat called the "Beginners' Orchestra," which will furnish aid to the big ship. Since the ship is being very well repaired, "The Orchestra" hopes to make a successful voyage in 1925 under the command of Mr. Pierce. The crew consists of—

Violins

Arthur Hedlund
Francis Fulton
Janeace Davidson
Beulah Bulger
Rosie Rasmussen
Robert Cunningham
William Vehrs
Floyd Matthews
Francis Ashley
George Gilmore

Cornets

Wilbur Shilts
Cleo Pruitt
Elmore Watts
Delmore Clifton
Merritt Kerchenfaut
Dwight Shellman

Trombones

Francis Bryant
Eugene Whetzel

Horn

Robert Yoder

Clarinet

Stanley Means

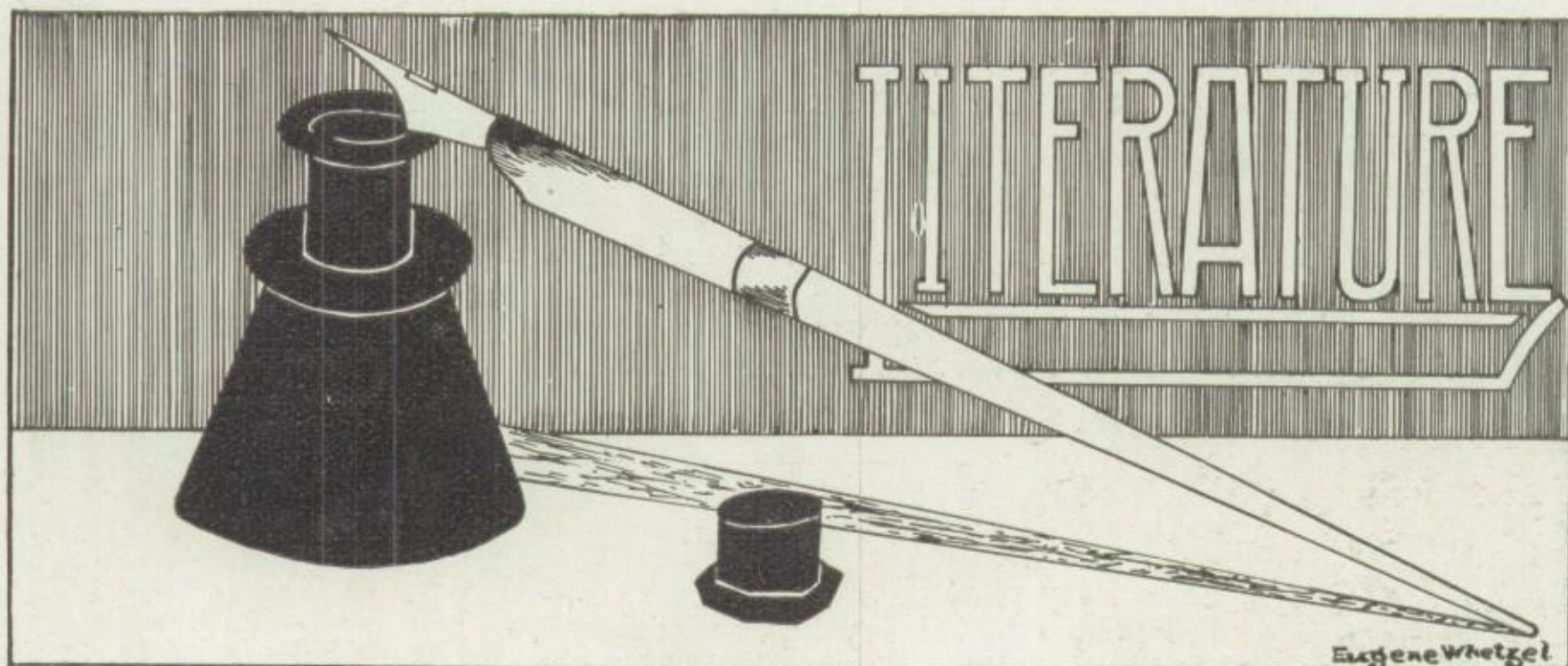
Saxophone

Gay Ella Wakefield

Piano

Margretha Rasmussen

Nobody ever knows it, but once I was bashful.—Wm. Barrow.



DISSERTATION ON JAZZ MUSIC

To-day is Thurs——day!
 Thursday mu——sic
 When?
 Seventh hour.
 What kind?
 J-j-jazz!!
How Come?

Way back in the dim dark ages of the twentieth century, Skivouskee, the musician supreme, was considered the best at the art of music.

This particular night, as he presided on his elegant piano bench, it was darker than any night he had previously witnessed.

The electric lights wouldn't "functionate!"

And would this keep the great artist from reviewing his beautiful selection, "Hast Thou Come?" No. All that could have quelled it was the absence of the piano. (But pianos don't usually roll off in this age, so, inevitably he played.)

He played more slowly and pressed the keys with a more downy touch, thus producing noises more supernatural at each striking of a note. (He had to; it was so dark he couldn't feel faster.)

As he was dreamily caressing the pianoforte, producing, "Hast Thou Come," he turned his head, as for an unseen inspiration. There, he saw, with horrified amazement—a ghost? Oh, no. A maiden Ogre! (He should be careful what songs he plays on leap year).

She came nearer and nearer. Finally she rested herself on top of his piano. He was not only at the height of horrification now; he was scared supreme.

Suddenly the great awakening came. It must be made to "ankle" back to heaven!

He now seemed stricken with the palsy; his fingers shook; his whole body shook! And the SONG shook. He no longer caressed the keyboard but he was now "tickle'n the ivories." "Hast Thou Come" was no longer

Little Soupy is very bappy; the trouble is he's short and snappy.

extracted, but in its stead a cross between, "When It's Nighttime in Italy, It's Wednesday Over Here," and "The Blackest Blues." (You see this happened in Italy—also at night.)

At this the electric lights blushed a glowing red which finally reached incandescence.

The Ogre had disappeared! Her dignified highness could not have her heavenly ear imposed upon like that.

And thus Jazz started. The more you hear it, the more you want to hear.

I have heard that the composer of "Hast Thou Come" retired the following morning after Skivouskee's night of invention.

—Cleo Pruitt, '24.

TERRIFIED!

One night as I lay abed

Thinking of the day that had dawned,
I paused to listen, but never a sound did I hear;
Quietness reigned o'er the earth.

Time raced on.

Still sleep was far from me.
Out of the darkness of the night came sounds
Like a monstrous beast tramping o'er the frozen ground.

It was approaching slowly, and then it commenced running.
Almost any moment
I expected it to pounce upon me.
I was cold with fear.

But the sound drifted onward,
And drowsiness came o'er me.
I laughed to myself,
For I had drawn the conclusion that it was only a freight
train—chugging up the hill.

—Grace Dueringer, '24.

JIMMY HAS A BITTER TASTE OF ROMANCE

At last the night of the dance had come. Or perhaps it should be should be called the ball, for every one knew it was to be a show of grandeur. Marcia Minters had decided that this ball was to surpass in splendor anything that Greenville had ever known.

It was the first ball that Jimmy had ever attended. He was all ready and pacing the floor fully an hour before time to leave the house. Jimmy began to wonder what the girls from Delone would look like. Would Jane Allison be as beautiful as people said she was? Perhaps she would go for a ride with him in his dad's new car. She was going to remain in Greenville for two weeks with her cousin, Mary Leslie. She and Jimmy could have all sorts of good times in two whole weeks. Jimmy began to feel quite grown up; he was eighteen now at last. (Luckily he had been spared the heartache of knowing that people who did not know him as Jimmy Cain,

There is one thing I like better than one girl, and that is two girls. —Elmer B.

or just Jimmy, always referred to him as the tall, slender boy with the girl's voice.)

Suddenly a very disquieting thought burst into his mind. What should he say and how should he act at the ball? What if he shouldn't know just how to act? What would the rest say and think of him? After all, he had never attended an affair like this before. He was used to school parties and he had been to a few dances, but this would be quite different. Jimmy soon would have been in a state of frenzy, had he not been rescued from his thoughts by his mother's voice telling him he had better be starting if he did not want to be late.

At the ball Jimmy was self-conscious and felt ill at ease. He was afraid he would say the wrong thing if he joined in the conversation, and so he said nothing—much. Jimmy Cain, tall, straight, handsome, the favorite of many, was having anything but a good time. He tried bravely to hide his self-consciousness behind a smiling face, until suddenly he forgot that he was self-conscious, he forgot to feel ill at ease, forgot where he was, forgot everything except just to stare—to stare at the beautiful creature in front of him. He believed that she must be an angel. Jimmy continued to stare at the girl, for girl she was, and indeed a remarkably beautiful one, until he heard Mary Leslie saying, "Jane, I want you to meet Jimmy Cain." Mary finished by saying, "But please don't stare at her so, Jimmy, or she will run away." Jimmy partially regained his mental equilibrium and stammered confusedly, "I—I'm glad to meet you—excuse me, please." Just then Frank Wilson, Mary's fiance, came up looking for her and she and Frank, after talking a moment, walked away leaving the two new found acquaintances quite to themselves.

Jimmy quickly recovered the use of his tongue and found no trouble in keeping up a lively conversation with Jane. He no longer felt ill at ease. It seemed as though he had known Jane as long as he had Mary Leslie, or Hazel Brown, or any of the other Greenville girls. But Jane was different from any girl Jimmy had ever known. She was a few years older than Jimmy, but she understood him and liked the things he liked. She called him "Jim" instead of the boyish Jimmy.

The usual topics of conversation were forgotten. Jane talked to "Jim" of basket ball, radio, and about his new job at the electrical shop.

On the way home that night, Jane promised to be Jimmy's partner at the swimming party Wednesday.

Jimmy had never had such good times. Drives and strolls with Jane were wonderful. How they had enjoyed them! To-night was to be the last night of Jane's visit in Greenville. But Jimmy had no idea of losing her. It was only a little over two hundred miles to Delone. Perhaps he could go in his dad's new car before long. That night they went for a row on the lake. The night was beautiful. The waves lapped softly against the side of the boat. A lover's moon shone over the silvery waters. At the gate, very gently Jimmy's arm went around Jane's slender waist. Their lips met! On the way home, Jimmy's blood tingled all over. He went to bed happy to the extent of intoxication.

The next day as Jimmy was going by Mary Leslie's home on an errand for the electrical shop, he decided to stop just a minute for a last fond farewell. The outer door was open and Jimmy walked softly in. As he entered the hall, he heard Mary say, "Oh, please, Jane, stay another week." And then Jane's voice, "Oh, I'd surely like to, but you know—well—well, you see, I'm going to be married in about a month, and so I can't." "Mar-

'Boys may come and boys may go, but I wait on forever.—Dorothy Zimmerman.

ried? Are you and Jimmy really going to be married?" "Oh, no, not Jim. Why, he is only a boy. Jim and I are just friends." Jimmy waited to hear no more, but turned and walked slowly away, stunned and broken-hearted. He murmured to himself, "Only a boy."

—Edmund Cameron, '24.

THE TEACHER'S REVERIE

Seated one day in my classroom,
I was not at my usual ease,
For my thoughts were wandering idly
Over marks of different degrees.

I could hear in the classroom above me
The treading of many feet,
And the voices, when doors are thrown open,
Where the classes are going to meet.

A last word and then a silence,
Yet I know by their looks so wise
They have studied and worked together
To take me by surprise.

A sudden rush up the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall,
By all the doors left open,
They enter my classroom, all.

They scramble to find their places,
They struggle for a chair,
Till I tried to gain their attention
And start the lesson in despair.

They almost devour me with questions,
Their thoughts to such altitudes climb,
Till I wonder what did those great wise men
And the teachers of other time.

Yes, these are the time-honored Seniors,
Who so soon will leave us behind;
They have stored up the wisdom of ages
In the dungeon of their minds.

(With apologies to H. W. L.)

—Margretha Rasmussen, '24.

WHY HE HELD ON

Workmen were hoisting stone next to Fred's house, where a new building was being constructed. Power was furnished by a donkey engine. The signal for hoisting was the blowing of a whistle, and the man whose duty it was to blow the whistle stood out of sight of the engineer.

One day Freddy and his little friend were standing as close to the rope as they were allowed to come. The man who blew the whistle was called

Senior—"Oh, say, I'm going to write a book on 'Fools I Have Known.'"

Junior—"Well, here's hoping you success with your autobiography."

away at that moment. While Freddy grasped the rope, his companion picked up the whistle and blew a shrill blast.

Instantly, the engine in the shed began to puff, and squealing Freddy was drawn up into the air. Workmen rushed to the spot and shouted to him to hold on. By the time Freddy had reached the second story, a carpenter grabbed him and pulled him through the window.

"You did well to hold on," said the man.

"Oh, I had to," replied Freddy. "Mother told me not to fall in the mud and spoil my new clothes."

—Dorothy Oxley.

WHAT WON'T THESE MODERN DO?

This is no reflection on the Sisterly Order of Bachelor Girls. It is a mere characterization of a dear elderly lady whom I have known for years.

Mathilda lives with Grandmother the year 'round, except for a week or two in the spring when she visits her sister in Milwaukee. The family always celebrates her sister's birthday, and Mathilda remains for an extended visit. Outside of this, she lives a life of quietude, inhabiting a large old house in the city with my Grandmother as sole companion—quite an appropriate setting, in my youthful estimation, for one of her age and condition.

Mathilda must be well up in the forties. She parts her straight black hair in the middle and draws it neatly over her ears, winding it in a loose coil at the nape of her neck. I might add that it has a lustrous sheen that would make any hair-oil addicted boy envious. She is tall and straight, and as deliberate as molasses in January.

Every summer, when we stop on our way through the city, Mathilda loses a trace of her piousness, greets us with that same glad cordiality, kisses us, and hastens to the kitchen to set us up a meal the only objection we have to which is the invariable abundance of weak coffee. She ushers us into the "sitting room," and begins her untiring strain of the things she did when she was a girl, how "each one had his own little tasks, and a well managed household it was, too, for such a large family."

Her greatest pleasure is in her mother's cherished china ware, which she has carefully stored away in tissue paper and excelsior. The collection is slowly dwindling away, as she hands out piece by piece as a token of her affection to her best loved friends. Our representative of the collection is in the form of a shallow-mouthed cream pitcher, which since and forever more has been dubbed "Tillie."

Once, in the absence of the customary, though unnecessary chaperon, Mathilda obligingly consented to fill that position at a week-end party at the Cottage. The complications resulting from our outrageous pranks, however, proved too much for her, and we had to bring her back, for fear of losing Mathilda altogether.

Her being subject to occasional nervous spells made matters no better for her. For instance, the first night, the screen fell over on her and fairly wrecked her nervous system. Having only three bedrooms to accommodate a house party of eight, necessitated the use of screens on the sleeping porch. The fact that the particular screen in front of Mathilda's cot was transparent is enough to utterly horrify any old maid, but added to this, in the middle of the night, when the noisy house had finally settled down in peaceful slumber, an unusually strong gust of wind came along and upset the unstable screen

Skate and your skates roll with you; slip and you sit alone.—Sarepta Bane.

on top of Mathilda, cot and all—this was terrible! With a terrified scream she scrambled from the bed and “tore” for the kitchen, upsetting a vase of goldenrod in her mad flight, but never stopping until she hit the corner of the fireplace, which dazed her for an instant. She immediately regained her lost senses, and returned to her forsaken bed but did not rest comfortably ’till morning.

If the trouble had stopped here, all would have been well, but to-morrow was another day.

In the morning the first thing the boys did was to “haul out” Chris, and throw him into the river—purple pajamas and all. Poor Mathilda was at a loss. If only she had known what she was getting into, when she consented to chaperon this bunch of unruly youngsters!

The dear old girl, with her subdued air, decided to make the best of it, now that she had gotten herself into such a mess. But at breakfast the fatal incident occurred.

We were all eating breakfast food, with an air of suppressed mirth, Mathilda was sipping weak coffee, when Ruth gasped with astonishment. Three Post Toasties, without any apparent rhyme or reason, had suddenly flown up from her dish, and fallen in her lap. The boys could “hold in” no longer, and had no need to, for a portion of the fish’s tail was now visible. They had caught a small fish before breakfast and, without Ruth’s knowing it, had placed the fish in the bottom of her dish of Post Toasties. The next instant the fish flopped out and lit on the table, knocking Post Toasties in every direction. This was too much for Mathilda. She fell over in a dead faint without a sound.

Ruth rushed for the smelling salts; the next thing we heard was Chris backing his roadster out of the garage, to take Mathilda back to town.

I suppose she is still there, drinking weak coffee and cherishing her family dishes, none the worse for her reckless outing, except that she had to buy a new set of uppers, having knocked out two front teeth when she fainted.

—Evelyn Dueringer.

MISS KILLEY’S SPEECH

Faculty, Juniors, Sophomores, lend me your ears;
I come to give you advice, not to discourage you.
The work that the mumps do is never forgotten.
So let it be with you. I, myself, had them,
But I am immune. Although I could not open my mouth,
I lived through it all.
Mumps are uninvited friends, they come without warning and
They stay entirely too long.
They are not honorable, no, not in any sense of words,
But they were my friends as long as I had them.
Does this not seem funny? It would if you could have seen me.
My face was swollen about three times its normal size,
My neck about two sizes larger,
And my eyes wanted to stay closed,
Especially when I looked in the mirror.
Yes, mumps are ambitious, they stay right with you.
Three times did I refuse them—was this ambition?

Juniors know and know not that they know. They are asleep. Wake them.

No, it was because I was afraid of them.
 I speak not to discourage you, but to warn you
 Not to get near one that's taking them.
 Some people have lost all reason when they think they do not hurt.
 I pause for a reply—have you any questions to ask?
 If not, then I will say:
 If you have never had an enemy in your life-time,
 You are sure to now, for not only are mumps your enemy,
 But pickles are theirs.

—Aline Carpenter, '26.

AW, GEE!

Dja ever stop to think how much pleasure the word "don't" takes out of life? It's the meanest ole word in the dictionary. I'll betcha the man that invented that word "don't" woulda chopped his head off, if he'd a knew all the trouble he was making.

Dja ever put your head in your hands and think-and-think what that word means? Well, if you ever see a kid doing something on the sly, you can bet that somebody's been sayin' "don't" to him, an' if you hear a kid lying, it's because somebody's said "don't" to him 'n he's tryin' to lie out of it.

Gee whiz! I wish my folks didn't know that word "don't". Then maybe they'd let me drink coffee and eat mince pie for supper. You know my ma won't let me and Sis have any coffee only about once a year. Pa says that coffee is just for old folks, but I don't think that's fair. I'll betcha this ole knife that if I was my pa and he was me, I'd let him have coffee every night, 'n I'd let him stick his bread in it, all he wanted to. I wouldn't always say "don't". I'll betcha if he knew how good bread tastes in coffee he wouldn't tell me to eat my bread dry.

An' after supper when I want to lay on the floor a while 'n play he always says, "Don't lay on the floor." 'N when I put my feet up on the stove he says "Don't" and then he says I'm naughty because I don't mind.

I tell you, if there wasn't any old word like "don't", there wouldn't be any naughty children.

If Pa, instead of telling me, "Don't play with that drum; it makes too much noise," he would say, "Play with your blocks 'n build a house," and he wouldn't always be tellin' me not to do sumpin', but he would be tellin' me to do sumpin'! That way I won't even know I'm mindin' 'n I tell you, boy, most kids just hate to mind.

—Elmer Stein, '24.

THE CHOICE

Stage setting from D. T. H. S. Meter from "The Potters".

Modern dialect from "Harold Teen".

The back of the Assembly, near the south door....a phenomenon—a Senior here on time....that is, on time when he might be sleeping. Another enters.

1st (the new one)—Hi there.

2nd—Hello—how do you rate?

1st—Have fun last night?

Seniors know and know that they know. They are wise. Follow them.

2nd—I hope to state.

1st—I didn't know, but I guessed you would.

Is she a good girl?

2nd—Howdya mean, good?

....A Frosh appears....one knows instinctively that he **is** a Frosh...
Having been taught respect, as all of that class have, he appears noiselessly.

Frosh—Good morning, sirs.

1st Senior—Get outa my sight!

2nd—Yeah, m'eyes are tired—I's out all night.

(The Frosh tiptoes over to his seat and begins to study.)

1st—Are these Freshmen dumb? I hope to state.

They've got much to learn ere they graduate.

2nd—They grow them dumber every year.

I'm plenty glad that I'm leaving here.

Didya hear the one 'bout the traveling man?

1st—Yeah—but go on—I'll laugh again.

2nd—He goes to an old gray farm house, see,

An' he says to the farmer—Good morning—says he

And the farmer says—

What have we here?

(A bevy of upper class girls enter right and riotfully....an exact bevy
—count them....If beauty is only skin deep, these girls are thick-skinned.)

1st Senior—Hi, there, girlyes—Whatdya know?

Girls—More than we ought to—hello—hello.

(They take their books—that is, they go to their seats....and the
Seniors afore-mentioned stroll nonchalantly over to cheer them with a little
snappy collegiate conversation....)

1st Boy—(To girl who has a book.)

Did her take her study book home from school?

2nd Boy—It hands me a laugh, this home study rule—

To carry your books home adds to the wear.

I'm here more hours than I am there.

1st Girl—Any one here look in at the show?

It should have been good—I didn't go.

Chorus—Was your king clear broke?

That was terrible rash.

To go on a date without any cash.

Did you loan him carfare or did you walk?

1st Girl—I feel all razzed—will you let me talk?

We studied our history—was that correct?

We raced to get it. He won by a neck.

Chorus—A necking party! Shame on you!

You never can tell what a woman will do.

1st Girl—I wouldn't lie about what I did.

I'd—Girls! Look at the good-looking kid!

(The conquering look appears in each girl's eye....Individually and
collectively they flock to the youngster's side....a somewhat bewildered
youngster who has risen and who meant to go to the dictionary....What
has Webster to compare with these?)

The Seniors—

After heavy pause.

Left all alone! Trade us for **that!**

And leave us cold....CAN YOU FEATURE THAT?

And so, "That's that", as they say in the Tribune, until the bell rings.

—Robert Yoder, '24.

THAT'S A LOT OF BUNK!

When I attended Drummer High
I never knew the reason why
The pupils had a lot of pep—
That's a lot of bunk!
Drummerites support their team—
That's a lot of bunk!
John Noble's never chewing gum,
John Heckens's never on on the bum—
That's a lot of bunk!

When I attend my classes here,
Pupils never say, "I don't know."
But always answer "yes" or "no"—
That's a lot of bunk!
Claude Nelson never has a smile—
That's a lot of bunk!
Evelyn (J) never puts on style,
Only like Mildred wins the mile—
That's a lot of bunk!

During noon I wonder why
Seniors scurry everywhere,
All studying lessons, here and there—
That's a lot of bunk!
Katy and—? Never write notes???—
That's a lot of bunk!
Soupy's growing very tall,
And Dyke's remaining very small—
That's a lot of bunk!

—Edna Wright, '24.

MY WONDERFUL ONE

It was late fall, a time of year when you feel rather gay; at least I did on this particular evening I am about to describe. I had been visiting a few of the bright spots of night life and was, at the time, feeling fine.

I left one of these carefree places and walked on the avenue with the boys. The air seemed to put a measure of new life into me. As we boys walked along, we looked at everything and everybody. It was about this time that I saw the most wonderful woman I had ever gazed upon.

She was, to say, the pink of perfection. Her skin had a soft, rosy tint to it, not supplied by the common rouge. Her eyes and hair were worn by the best dressed women of the country.

Thus, you see, she was ready and waiting for her "Prince Charming" to come and carry her off. I thought I was this prince, and I lost no time in speaking to her. But she would not speak a word to me. I was not, however, to be turned down so easily by one so fair.

I spoke again and again, but to no avail. As she turned her back upon me, she bent her head toward me. I blinked to make sure I was not dreaming. When I again looked, she had turned back to me. I thought she was

"Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to know that kissing spreads disease."

—Charlene Preston.

going to favor me with a word, but my hopes were all in vain. She remained silent, so I thought I had better move on. (I guess this is what I thought. Why you will see later.)

The next morning I awoke with a splitting headache, but with a vague mental picture of the face of a beautiful woman. While I was thus pleasantly thinking one of the "gang" came in to see how I was. As we talked, we gradually got around to the night before and then, listen, all of you! I had stood for an hour talking to a model in a shop window. This is what my friend told me. Now, won't you all agree with me that some one is always taking the joy out of life?

—Gladys Leonard, '24.

FIGHTING FAT

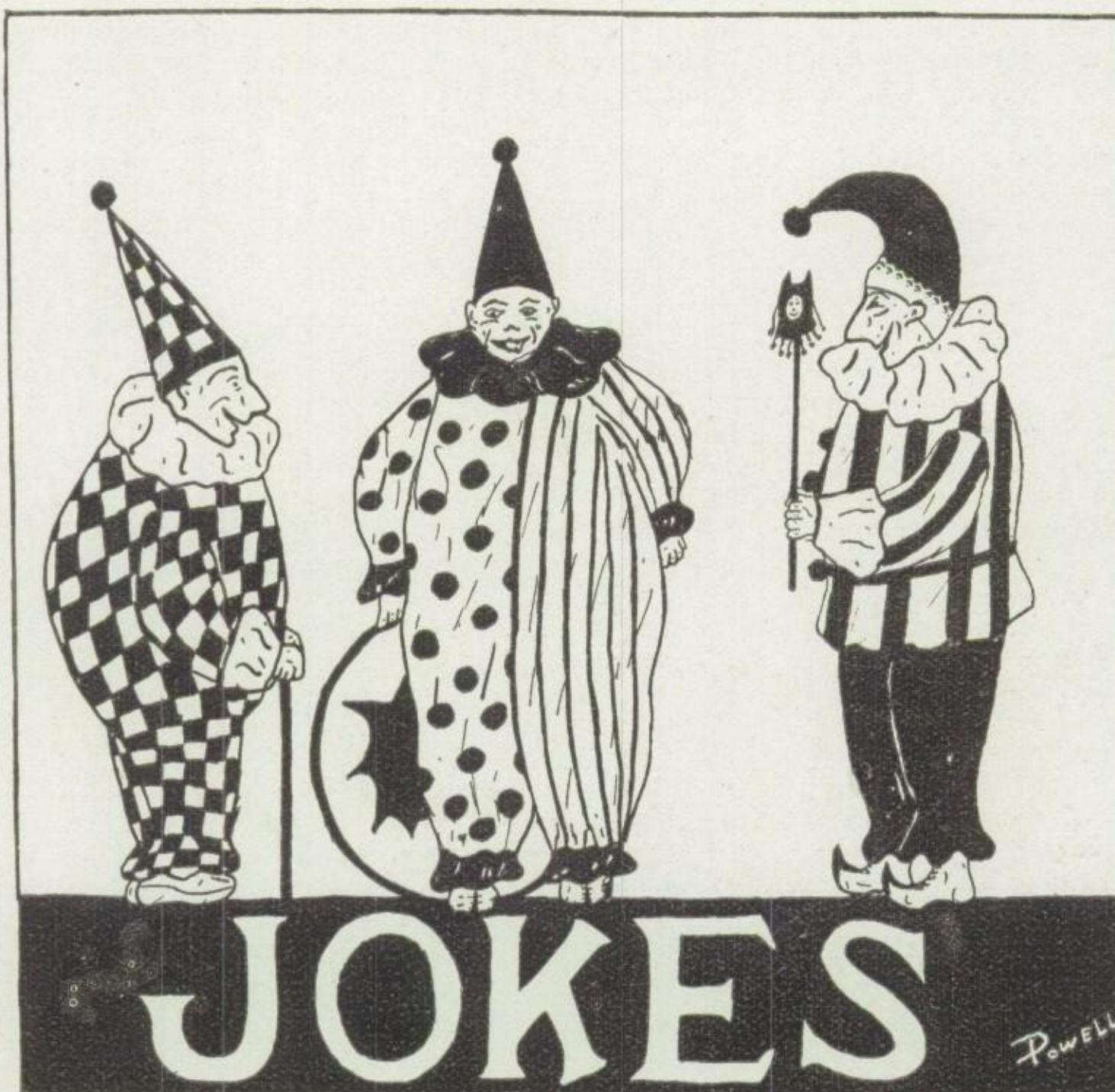
Dieting is a well-known form of self-abuse brought on by self-consciousness, conceit, or corpulence. The last-named is the most general cause. Although everybody loves a fat man, there are drawbacks, for there can be too much of everything, including love—I mean fat. Therefore, we often hear the banter of people who feel their size and are reducing in as many "weighs" as possible.

Exercise is always attempted, but as we get on in age we need artificial stimulation. The "Daily Dozen" series on the Victor supplies this in great style—playing "Sweet and Low" as you lie prone upon the floor. Strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" follow as you raise your right leg higher and higher, at the command of the stentorian voice, and revolve it in perfect time with "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie," and so on, until the happy jazz breaks in with "Do It Again", when you hastily turn the record over.

It's fine for old men who can't do anything else, old women who won't, and young girls who want to keep the peach-bloom fresh. Colored cooks delight in it, finding that it increases their appetite for meals, and always sneak in and do the exercises on the parlor floor after the family have retired.

—William Barrow, '24.





*If at these jokes you cannot laugh,
Because they are not new,
Respect them for their age, kind friends:
That's all we ask of you.*

JOKES

There, little Freshie,
Don't you cry—
You'll be a Senior
Bye and bye.

CAN YOU IMAGINE

Coach Herbst taking care of Doris Ann?
Evelyn Dueringer having a date with Clarence Conrad?
Ruth Powell being melancholy?
Drummer without Miss Nicholson?
"Soupy" Paxton getting his Algebra alone?
Mr. Pierce teaching anything but music?
Alfred Bunting in a hurry?
Elmer Bradford lonesome at noon or working alone?
Edythe Koehler being passionate?
Rosie saying "don't know" in History class?
Richard Lane with \$50.
George Gilmore flunking?
"Soupy" Paxton the height of Mr. Loy?
John Litchenberger with stay back hair?
Anita Roth carrying a frown?

Miss Fitch—"Are you a Latin student?"
Fresh—"No, Irish."
Maurine S.—"You want your hair cut badly?"
Rosamond—"No, that's the way it was cut the last time."

Seniors were made for great things,
Juniors were made for small,
But I haven't discovered why
Frosh and Sophs were made at all.

EVOLUTION OF A STUDENT

Freshman—"Please, ma'am, I don't understand the question."
Sophomore—"I don't understand the question."
Junior—"What did you say?"
Senior—"Huh?"

??? Querie Colm ???

"Is there any difference between a Freshman and a Sophomore?"
"Yes, a Freshman baits a hook and a Sophomore hates a book."

"When can you find a girl out?"
"Call when she isn't in."

Sophomore (entering a shoe store)—"What are your four dollar shoes worth?"
Freshman (working in store)—"They are only two dollars a foot."

Sarepta—"Roses are red, violets are blue,
I think its wicked
To spread mumps, don't you?"

The butterfly has wings of gold,
The firefly wings of flame,
The bed-bug has no wings at all,
But gets there just the same.

Many of our upper classmen seem to "Keep That School Girl Complexion" on their coat collars.

GLOSSARY

- Bawling Out—The explosion of a teacher's wrath upon a student.
 Bluff—To waste energy.
 Bunch—The fellows.
 Campus—A place of beauty not used as a depository for waste paper.
 Case—An inseparable pair.
 Class Meeting—A very noisy social gathering called for the purpose of transacting business.
 Commencement—The time one finishes what he has begun and starts over again.
 Exams—The excuse teachers give for torturing the students.
 Excuse—An exaggerated truth.
 Faculty—A group of people bent on the destruction of helpless ones in charge.
 Flunking—A thing which we see threatening.
 Freshman—A small green animal of lively habits.
 Game—Willingness of a Junior boy to wear an apron at a Junior party.
 Grade Book—A book in which all one's sins are recorded.
 Gully-Wullie—Ask "Chet" Hickerson.
 Maroon and White—Result of much perspiration and a little inspiration.
 Quitter—A narrow-minded person.
 Senior—One who has learned all there is to know.
 Sophomore—An individual who feels he's "getting on".
 Stunt—What you do when you want to show off.
 Telephone—That which gives one an excuse to leave class.
 Test—An unaccommodating list of questions.

Sing a song of football
 Wouldn't it make you smile,
 Two and twenty players
 Jumble in a pile.
 When the pile is open
 Hear those awful groans,
 Boys begin to creep out
 Searching for their bones;
 Pieces here of noses,
 Patches there of hair,
 But they've made a touchdown
 And little do they care.

FAVORITE WALKS OF STUDENTS

The Camerons—to the office for admittance slips
 Gay Ella Wakefield—to the hair dresser
 Alice Phillips—to her locker for more books
 Mildred Anderson—she never walks

Mr. Kilby says that the value of a kiss is regulated by the law of supply and demand.

(We wonder how he knows)????????!!!!,??

Viennese portrait painter who came to Drummer "to paint the fifteen most beautiful girls," resigned because he found 'em already a good deal painted.

S—sympathetic, sane, serene, successful.
 E—enduring, enjoyable, endeavoring, esteemed.
 N—notable, nice, nifty, noble.
 I—interesting, industrious.
 O—orderly, obedient, optimistic.
 R—respected, rational, reasonable, refined.
 S—eniors '24.

Curious Student—"What did John Heckens get to-day?"
 Fellow Student—"He got D---. What did Ed. Prince get?"
 Third Student—"Oh, he got H---."

We know there is a lot of hard work in him, for none of it has ever come out—John Lichtenberger,

SONGS DEDICATED

Barney Google.....	John Fox
Dearest	Maurine Smith
Honeymoon Chimes	Charline Preston
Lost (A Wonderful Girl)	"Billy" Hartford
Oh Gee! Oh Gosh! Oh Golly! I'm in Love.....	Elmer Bradford
Somehow, I'm Always to Blame	Herman Warman
South Sea Eyes	Janeace and Helen P.
Sweet and Low	Vinnie Logan
The Gold Digger	Owen Crowe
Wake Up Little Girl (You're Dreaming)	Rosamond Sprowls
Wild Papa	Mr. Herbst
Wonderful One	Bernice Smith
Dream Daddy	Mr. Pierce

Don't walk up stairs—Run.
 Don't talk in the corridor—Yell.
 Don't study your lessons—Lessen your study.
 Don't save time—Kill it.
 Don't answer questions—Question the answers.
 Don't have affairs with boys—Love'm all.
 Don't be tardy—Stay at home.
 Don't put waste paper in the basket—Put it on the floor.
 Don't walk down stairs—Slide down the banister.
 Don't turn off the water—Let it run.
 Don't observe established rules—Make your own.
 Don't return library books on time—It is dignified to be late.
 Don't whisper—Talk aloud.
 Don't rush to class—Take your time.
 Don't buy—Borrow.
 Don't do to-day what you can do to-morrow.

Mr. Loy went up to the express office,
 He had some very big dealings;
 At least that what he told every one,
 For he went to express his feelings.

I lifted my hat
 To brush back my hair
 As I passed where she sat;
 I lifted my hat,
 But she turned me down flat,
 And gave me the air;
 I just lifted my hat
 To brush back my hair.

Miss Barton (after discussing Samuel Johnson's work on "A Dissertation on the Art of Flying").

"Here we are living in a time when we are not all good people (sorry to say), and still we have wings and can fly."

Miss Nicholson (in Am. History)—"In taking the oath of President, why did they say, 'I solemnly affirm'?"

Margretha R.—"I suppose the men were too religious to swear in those days."

INSEPARABLES

Flop and his big feet.
 Frank and his desire to try to tell.
 Cleona and her curls.
 Love Alene Fasking and her chewing gum.
 Violetta O. and her flow of speech.
 Goldie and her laugh.

*Freshmen know not and know not that they know not. They are fools.
 Avoid them.*

POETRY

Poetry is the safety valve of the human system. When a man feels uncomfortably full of sentimentability, he writes poetry to relieve his mind. Another method, and far preferable one, is suicide. Most poetry rhymes. Some does not. Then it is called blank verse. When a poet closes a line with such a word as "wolf" or "chimney", he saves his reputation by means of a quick change to blank verse. On other occasions when a rhyme is prohibited by a sense of propriety, the blank is necessary, as:

She heaved a china dish at Sam,
But Sammy didn't give a ———.

Among the great poets may be mentioned Shakespeare, Kipling, Edward Stevens and Poe. Some minor ones are Coleridge and George Irvin. All poetry has meter, the most common being tetrameter and gas meter.

Verner F.—"If it be true that love is blind,
And lovers cannot see;
Then why don't some sweet girl
Just fall in love with me?"

SKY SCRAPERS

Height of Popularity—Lavone Sawyer
Height of Laziness—Ralph Dueringer
Height of Embarrassment—Lee Kerchenfaut
Height of Indifference—Wm. Peterson
Height of Ascension—Odors from the D. S. room

The Man High Up—Dwight McMurray.
The Music Master—Francis Fulton.
In Search of a Husband—Judith Wright.
The Woman Hater—Chester Hickerson.
The Baby—Frank Hunt.
The House of Mirth—Teachers' Rest Room.
The Heavenly Twins—Hartford Twins.
Romeo and Juliet—Warren Brown and Ruby Fitzpatrick.
The Guiding Star—Miss Nicholson.
Love Me Not for My Come'y Grace—Aldean Robins.
The World is too Much for us—Gladys L. and Edna S.
To Sleep—Chas. L. and Raymond S.
The Boss—Bert.
Peck's Bad Boy—Orris Poplett.
The Minister—Clarence Conrad.
Mamma's Angel—Evelyn Jones.
The Shiek—Cleo Pruitt.
The Exciters—Clyde Ashley and Evelyn Anderson.
The House of Grace—Domestic Science III.
Pelle, the Conqueror—John Noble.
Riders of the Sea—D. T. H. S. Flivvers.
The Cathedral—Gus's.
The Woman Thou Gavest Me—Edmund Cameron.

Mrs. Herbst—"Scientists can multiply the sound of the human voice 12,000 times!"
Mr. Herbst (thoughtlessly)—"What have they done in the way of subtraction?"

Miss Barton (in English IV)—"What is a straw vote?"
Arthur H.—"I know one kind of straw vote."
Miss B.—"What is it?"
Art.—"Well you just draw straws, that's all."

In discussing infant industry in Economics class, Mr. Kilby asked Bob Yoder if he thought the Bethlehem Steel Co. was an infant industry.
Bob—"If it is, it's a sturdy baby."
Mr. Kilby—"Yes, indeed, it's a squalling kid."

*Sophomores know not but know that they know not. They are simple.
Teach them.*

BE GENEROUS, WHY NOT GIVE?

Drummer some school spirit.
 Evelyn Jones a few more dresses.
 All bobbed heads some marcel waves.
 Ruby Fitz Patrick and Mr. Kilby something new to argue over.
 Freshmen encouragement.
 Seniors advice.
 Juniors a chance.
 Sophs a glance.

Bill Phares was standing talking to Mr. Kilby in the hall just as Cleo Pruitt came by.

Bill—"There goes the boy that one of the lady teachers says is one of the best looking guys in the Senior Class."

Cleo (stopping suddenly)—"Well, she sure knows her stuff."

HOBBY OF THE ADVERTISING MANAGER

Tramp—"Can't you help a poor man a little? You see I have lost my leg?"

Owen Crowe—"Lost your leg! I'm sorry, but I can't help you. I have seen nothing of it. Why don't you advertise for it in the annual?"

I stood upon the stair-steps
 I looked down into the hall,
 I saw a lot of green stuff
 Standing by the wall;
 I thought it must be fernery,
 But took another glance
 When lo! unto my horror,
 It was the Freshman class.

Miss Nicholson—"Where did the first steamboat go and in what year?"

William Barrow—"It was in 1807 that Robert Fulton's boat went from New York to Albany on the Hudson River."

Miss N.—"Was it on the Hudson?"

Margretha R.—"I thought it was on the Erie Canal."

Miss N.—"Fine! Fine! The first steamboat sailed on the Erie Canal in 1807 which wasn't dug until 1825."

Mother—"Why is your face so red, little girl?"

Ruby F.—Cause—Cause—Mam."

Mother—"Cause why?"

Ruby F.—"Cosmetics."

I can't get English through my head
 It puzzles me, indeed;
 I think that I am writing "lead,"
 But find I'm writing "lead."





GEORGE



MR. PIERCE



JUST ME - ENIL



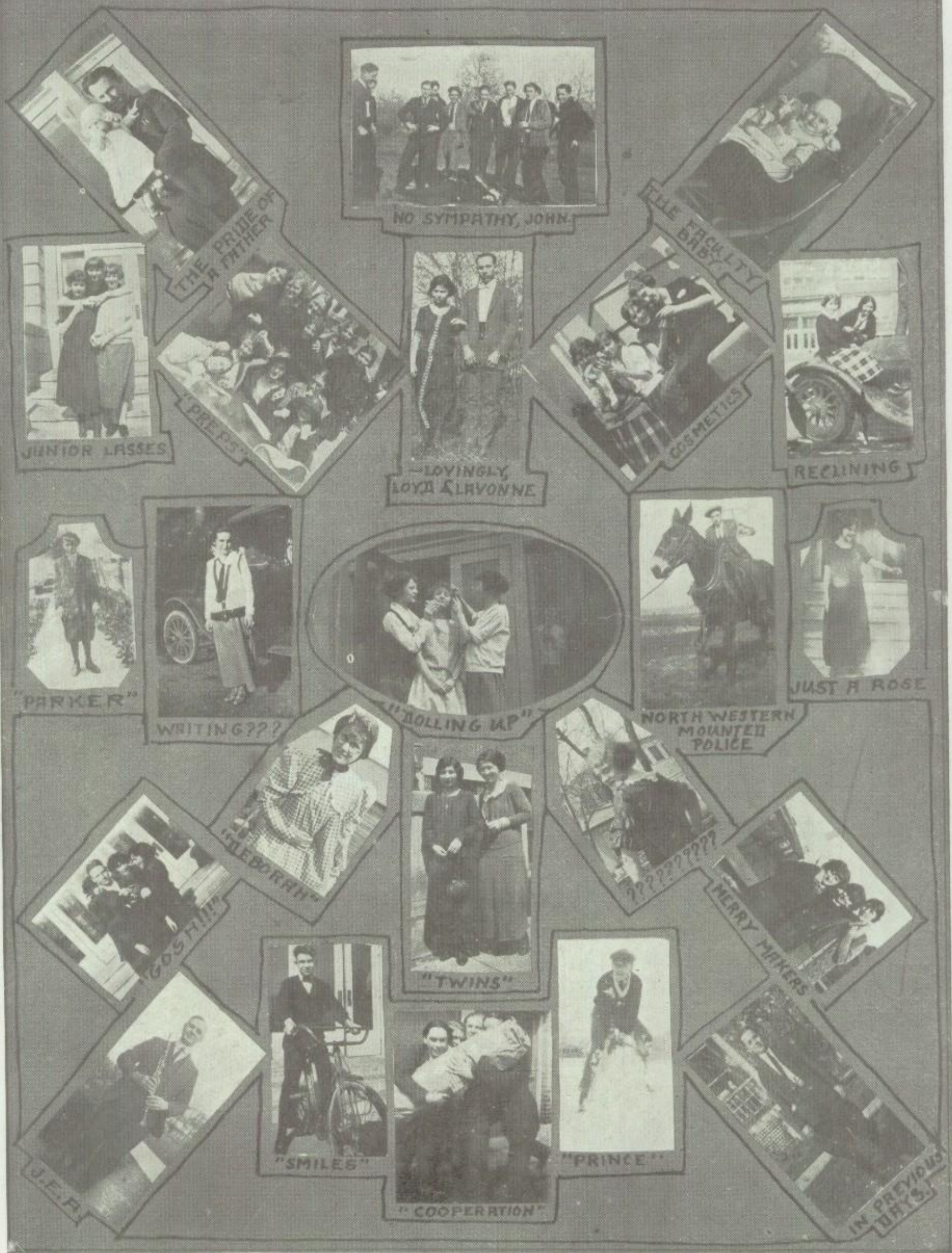
CHRIST



ORRIS



ROSE AMONG THE BRISSES



THE PRIDE OF A FATHER



NO SYMPATHY, JOHN.



THE FACULTY BABY



JUNIOR LASSES



PREFS



LOYINGLY LOYD ALAYONNE



COSMETICS



RECLINING



PARKER



WRITING???



DOLLING UP



NORTH WESTERN MOUNTED POLICE



JUST A ROSE



GOSPEL



STEBBARD



TWINN



???



HERRY MAKERS



U.F.A.



SMILES



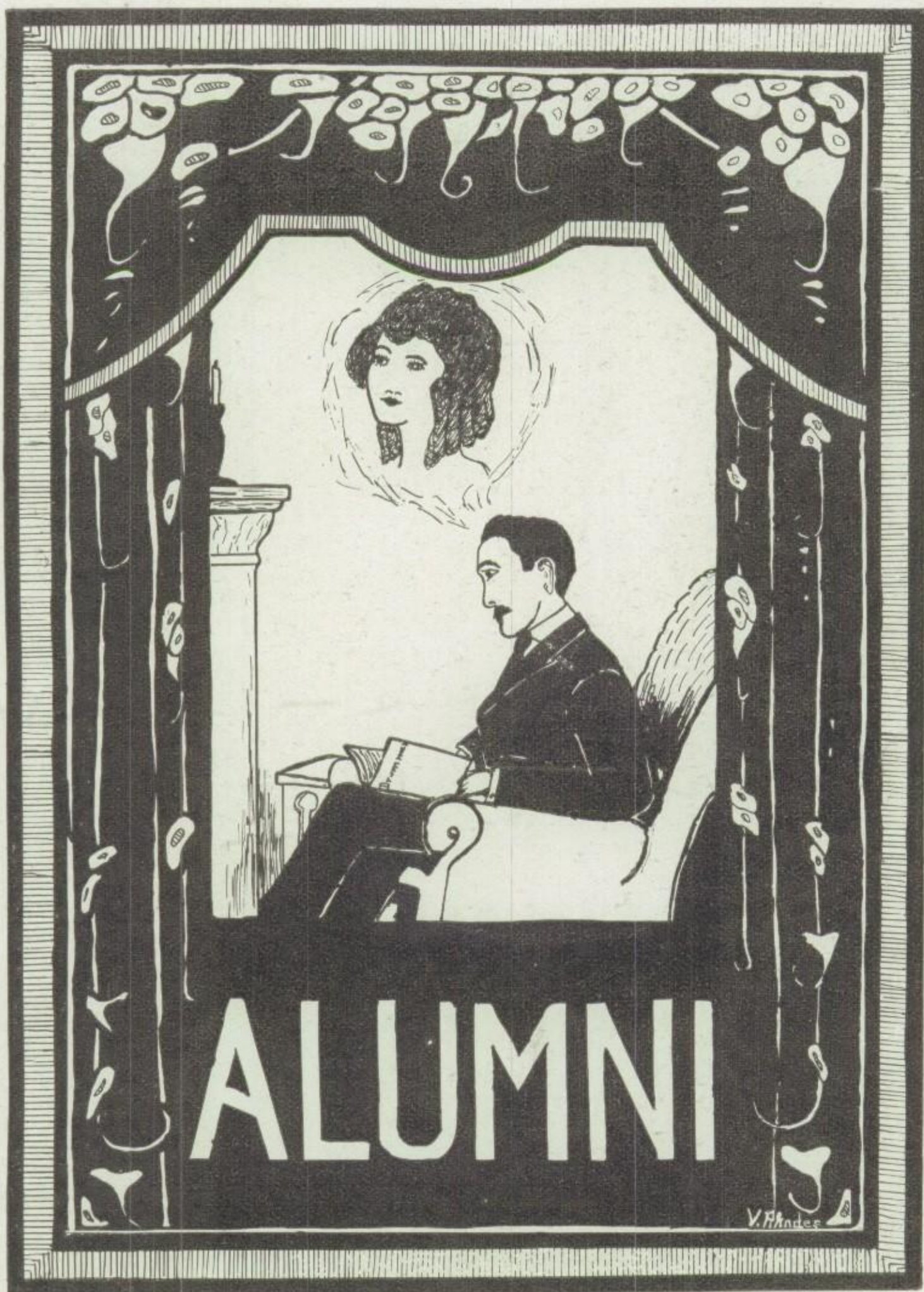
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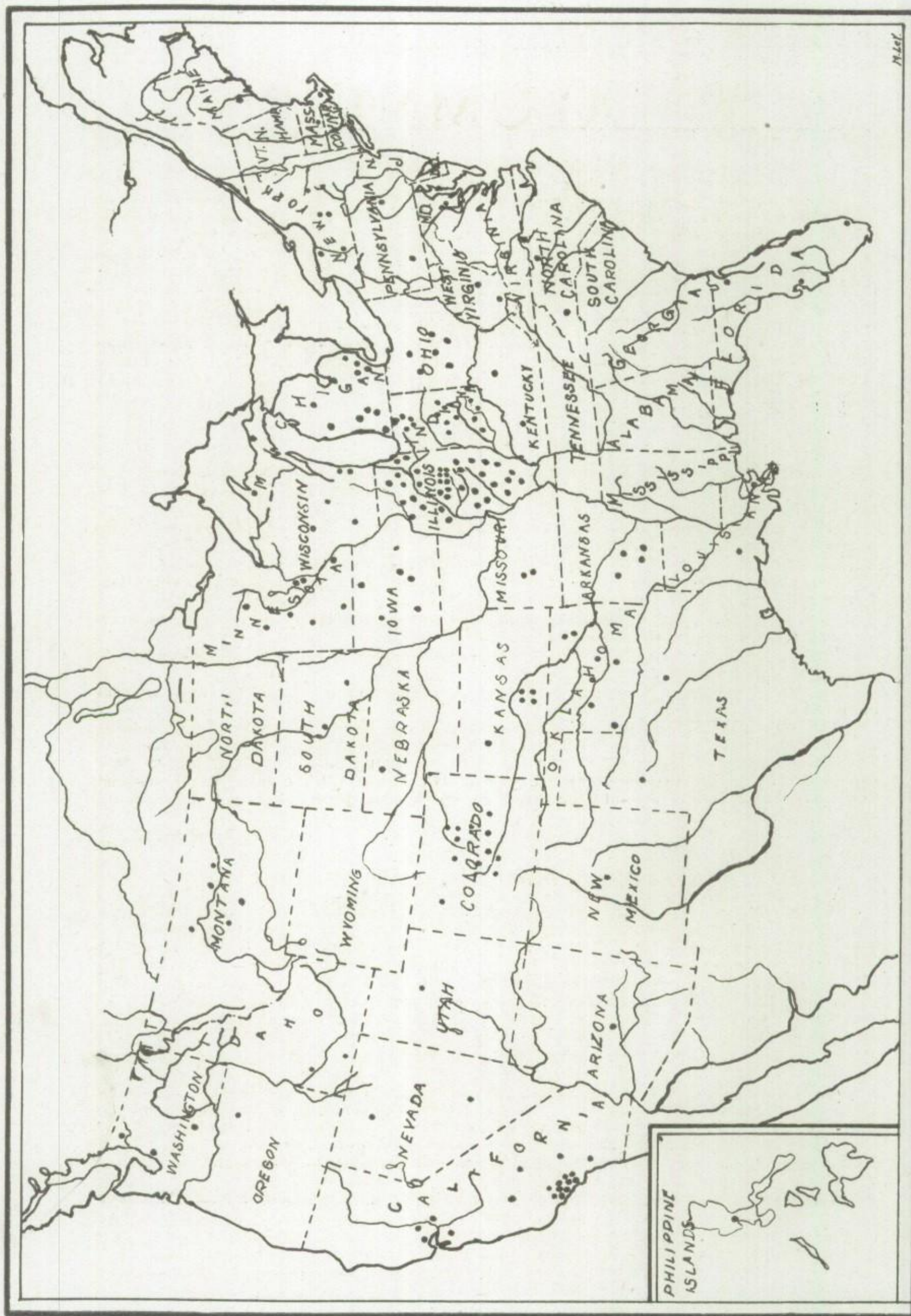


PRINCE



IN PREVIOUS DAYS





DISTRIBUTION ^{OF} ALUMNI

ALUMNI

We in Drummer to-day feel grateful to the earlier classes for the high standards which they helped to establish. We glory in their achievements and rejoice that their service here has enabled them to meet well the tests of life in other fields.

The accompanying map shows how widely they have scattered since the first class went out from Old Gibson High in 1880, while the messages from the Senior Class Presidents of Drummer breathe that spirit of loyalty which we all cherish.

We hope in some future "Annual" to have greetings from the Classes of Old Gibson High, for they too helped to make Drummer's standard of "Knowledge, Honor, Service." In our loyalty to Drummer may we ever realize that "the greatest thing in life is man's loyalty to man—that heart quality of true manhood—that innate stamp of fair play which prompts us to hand out the square deal instead of the double cross."

OPPORTUNITY

A young miss was asked by her teacher in Sunday school, "Who made you?" "God made me so big," replied the little miss, holding her hands about a foot apart, "but I grewed the rest myself."

Most men are made about the same size. They grow the rest themselves.

There is a difference between being large and being big.

Men become large from eating; they become big by thinking.

Thinking of opportunity is the best brain food for the man who would become big.

"Success is one part Inspiration and nine parts Perspiration."

Napoleon was a small man physically but he was a giant mentally. He grew as he studied his opportunity and grasped it.

The fact that he was eventually beaten by a bigger man has not lessened his reputation for greatness.

He who becomes successful must get attention, create interest, and suggest happiness.

And now—SPRING comes dancing over the hills, spreading beauty and sunshine in her path. It's the season when all the world seems to want to be "on the go." There's something in the air that gives snap to our swing and pep to our game. May she bring to you of DRUMMER, past, present and future, all the joys of her season; and according to your use of Opportunity, may health, prosperity, and the time to play be yours in full measure.

GEO. W. BLADES, '12.

GREETINGS FROM THE CLASS OF 1913

In looking over the years since graduation, no event has taken place so important as that Commencement Night. It was then we said farewell to Dear Old Drummer and began life anew. Some of our class continued along educational lines while others entered upon business or vocational careers. Wherever our lot fell, the high ideals and the noble aspirations gained in our High School life had a great deal to do with the upbuilding of Character and the successful life of each member.

We are only one of the many classes which have had the opportunity of graduating from Drummer Township High School. As the years pass on, each new class should try to be a little better than any other class and to benefit by the mistakes of others.

In this day and age of specialists and keen competition, the person without a High School education is generally pushed into the background or given a minor position in which to work. With all the educational advantages before the young people to-day, it seems hardly possible any boy or girl would quit school before completing a four year high school course in a good school, such as Drummer. With such a well equipped and modern school as this, each young person in the vicinity of Gibson City, should feel it a duty and a privilege to acquire a High School education, earning as high grades as possible. The world needs educated and refined young people, more so to-day than ever before. It is these who are respected and looked up to in each community. Men and women with high ideals and noble character, working together, can do more toward building up a community than anything else.

May those who have graduated look back with pride to the days spent in Dear Old Drummer. May those still in school, continue to carry on the high standards

established by the early classes and make Drummer Township High School worthy of all she claims to be.

JAMES FLOYD MAIN, '13.

TO ALL READERS OF THE "DRUMMER", GREETINGS

To the class of 1914, Greetings again. It has been ten years since I had the opportunity of passing the word with most of you. Although it seems but a short time, it has not been so short but that I have learned to value highly the association with you at Drummer. I can still hear many of your voices, and see your friendly smiles as I think back over the happy days we spent together. Longfellow truly said—

"We may build more splendid habitations, fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures, but we cannot buy with gold, the old associations."

Sincerely,

CLARENCE A. BONNEN,
President, Class of 1914.

CLASS OF 1915

To All Drummerites:

Greetings: I feel honored that the class of '24 should desire a few words from me in this, their class annual.

I am sure that all Ex-Drummerites realize the vast importance of the training that they received at Drummer. All of us realize that when it is too late; that is, when school is out of our reach.

To the present students I wish to call attention to that part of the class prophecy of 1915 which concerns me. It was then prophesied that I should have many hardships in crossing a rocky ford to pluck a lily, and later the Kaiser of Germany was to offer me a partnership of some kind. The rocky ford is the Rock River which I cross every day in Rockford. The lily has been plucked and Lily Peterson is my wife. The Kaiser had nothing desirable to offer, so of course I would not consider a partnership. I only call your attention to this prophecy to show you how our lives are mapped for us in High School. Put everything that you have into your work, and in later life you will be rewarded by getting everything that you desire—providing that you do not desire too much, and that you strive hard enough to gain your ideal.

J. A. MOTTIER,
President, Class of 1915.

CLASS OF 1916

Drummerites:

Education is the most important factor in preparing one for a successful position in life. This is realized more as you look back, for in life Opportunity comes only as you are prepared to meet it. Drummerites are to be congratulated upon having at their disposal the wonderful facilities at Drummer High. We hope that when Opportunity knocks at your door, it will receive a most suitable welcome. To this end we extend you our best wishes.

LEO PHILLIPS,
Class of 1916.

CLASS OF 1917

"The world belongs to those who can conquer it, and who do not admit the existence of a capricious divinity, known as chance, which is worth propitiating, while withholding from it absolute allegiance."

Are you trusting to luck or making your chance? The advantages that Drummer affords is a good place to "start making your chance." It is of special interest to watch how Drummer improves from year to year. For instance the high school orchestra is a wonderful new development in the past few years. Athletics has always been of great interest to me, but more than all else has been the hope that real Drummer spirit will always predominate.

P. ROY MAIN,
Class of 1917.

CLASS OF 1918

Dear Drummerites:

Being marooned in the mountains of Western North Carolina, seventy-five miles from a photographer, forces me to do my bit for the 1924 annual without sending my photograph, but nevertheless I am glad to send a word for the year book, glad to pass on to other Drummerites the fact that I consider my four years at D. T. H. S. as among the most enjoyable and yet the most productive of my life. I shall always strive to carry with me the spirit of loyalty, straightforwardness and honesty for which Drummer stands.

Sincerely
CHARLES ROBERT PATTEN,
Class of 1918

CLASS OF 1919

If there is one thing more than another that makes Drummer stand above other high schools of her size, it is the possibilities that she offers in school activities. It is because of such opportunities that she offered in the past, that I feel most grateful. This view may be partially explained by the fact that it was while assisting in the publication of "The Drummer," I received my first experience in journalistic work.

In recalling experiences as a student in Drummer, I can not help but realize that it was in Drummer that I first learned that constructive ideas count most and that anything may be accomplished if the determination is strong enough. These I believe to be fundamentals in an education.

JAMES H. WHITE,
Class of 1919.

CLASS OF 1920

To the Students in Drummer:

Graduation is only a stone's throw in the distance. There is always something immortal that haunts one around this time of year. The idea of graduating, the remembrance of parents who have sacrificed much that we might attain the completion of our high school course, the commencement exercises and everything associated therewith, all have a vividly marked corner of every student's heart and soul. But there is something that as graduates we do not see nor even think much about, and that is the future.

If Henry Clay, Patrick Henry, or any of the other immortals were to step out of history's glorious pages and, addressing an Assembly at Drummer to-day, should tell you that you are having the greatest—I say without hesitation THE GREATEST—time of your lives, not one of you would take it seriously. It would pass in one ear and out the other; but the day will come when you'll be willing to walk a barbed-wire fence a mile long with a wild cat under each arm just to be back in that good Old High School again, with another chance to make good. That's a fact and you'll realize it some day.

There are about twenty fellows from Drummer that I see almost daily. Some of us, while in Drummer, didn't realize what I'm telling you; but you ought to hear us talk to-day. One of them said at dinner, "Ikey, I'd give anything I own and half of the Wrigley building to be back in D. T. H. S." Many of us would do the same. We are still sons of Drummer. We are interested in everything you do—in athletics, in dramatics, in music, in scholastic honors, in living up to Drummer's ideals, because we love the old school.

When these lazy days come around, remember that it's far easier to let your mind wander in Drummer than it is to be out upon the road of life hammering away while the world goes by and just lets you hammer, until you're tired and throw your hammer away. But if you **hammer** in Drummer, some master will hear you and stop it before you grow tired. So do your best, and the best will come to you. Then, later, as you pass along the highway of life where flowers grow to greet you at times, and again where you pass barren fields or encounter sheer precipices, you can look backward without regret to Old Drummer with a heart full of love and pride and happy reminiscence of the good old days.

Sincerely in the ties of Drummer,

IRMI F. CRAIG, '20.

CLASS OF 1921

To the Drummerites of to-day, I send greetings and good wishes from the class of '21, the Drummerites of yesterday. We, who have graduated from dear Old Drummer, hold only the fondest of memories and the pleasantest of reminiscences of the school which harbored us through four years of life. Four years of friends, teachers, studies, athletics, events, activities. Rich in a context of youth and real live experience dear to memory and heart as well. In those four eventful years we found expression for the exuberance of youth. Little did we, or do we, realize the importance of the happiest part of the most glorious period of human life—the period of adolescence. We all caught the spirit of Drummer Loyalty and it will stick with us through every walk of life.

May Drummer always prosper and continue to instill in the minds of young America the high ideals which, through precedent and practice, have become an integral part of a truly great institution.

D. L. BARR,
Class of 1921.

CLASS OF 1922

Dear Drummerites:

The class of '22 sends greetings to the present students of Drummer High. Since our departure from there two years ago, our class has become quite scattered, but I think none of us, any place, has ever hesitated in saying we were Drummer graduates.

We are all proud of our Alma Mater and have reason to be. As we spent four years within her walls, we caught that old Drummer spirit which has been carried down through the years since the founding of the school. With it have come those high ideals and standards for which Drummer stands. It is those fine things which have raised our school to the high plane which she now occupies.

You who enter whole heartedly in the school activities and give your time and energy freely in advancing and bettering Drummer, have caught the true Drummer spirit. May each one try to catch that same spirit, for without it you cannot succeed; with it, you cannot fail. Here's to the success and prosperity of Drummer and her student body!

Sincerely,

EUGENE MOCK,
Class of '22

CLASS OF 1923

Drummerites:

We, the class of '23 are glad of this opportunity to send a message to our many friends in Drummer. We hope that you will continue to "carry on" all the things for which Drummer stands—"Knowledge, Honor, Service." The students of Drummer have taken a step forward by organizing a Help Along Club, and with the Student Council always on the job, we know that Drummer will continue to live up to the high ideals which have always been hers.

CHESTER CUNNINGHAM,
President, Class of '23.

CLASS OF 1924

Drummerites:

As graduation draws near, it is with pleasure and regret that I look back over my four years' training in Drummer. My emotions register pleasure because of the ways in which I have tried to be a help to Drummer in her activities, because of the many ways in which she has helped me, the good times I have enjoyed, the new friends I have made, and because I have not failed in all my plans. My feelings tally regret because of the helpful things I might have done, but did not do; and because I shall miss the things in Drummer which I have learned to respect and love.

The three most important things for which Drummer stands are named in the motto which was adopted by the student body last year—"Knowledge, Honor, Service." These ideals may be attained by the co-operation of the students in the activities and enterprises of Drummer, through school spirit—the desire to help—the determination to make our school the best that it can be made. If graduation finds us measuring up to Drummer's standard, then may we use our knowledge honorably in the service of our community.

ELMER STEIN,
Class of 1924.



DRUMMER TOWNSHIP SCHOOL
 1912-1924
 SENIOR CLASS PRESIDENTS

AUTOGRAPHS

William Shills - "Hello, old dear"
 Alfred Burdham - "Cause I honest
 May 26²⁵ and truly I'm in love
 with a? - - *// =

Stanley Means - The Alphabet
 begins with Σ Π E

Maurine Taylor. (U.S.S.). The mud elbow room.

Smittie - "I'll sure make this old
 back seat hot this summer"
 John Thos. Mock Good-bye sweet



IN looking over the advertisements of this Drummer it becomes obvious that the business men have responded graciously to our pleas for advertisements. This was not because they felt any particular kindness towards those who are getting this book together, but because they are every one friends of Drummer. These advertisers deserve the trade that we can give and draw to them. Patronize them and tell them why.

The editors also wish to acknowledge the hearty co-operation displayed by our fellow-students and by the faculty in giving and carrying out suggestions. We are especially indebted to Miss Augspurger, our faculty advisor, for her helpful criticism and proof reading.

STICK-TO-IT-IVENESS

Open a Savings Account and make up your mind how much you will save each month. Then STICK TO IT!

Combine Stick-to-it-iveness with Compound Interest and your Success is assured.

COME IN AND OPEN AN ACCOUNT IN THIS BANK TO-DAY!

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

"YOUR BANK"

Under United States Government Supervision

GIBSON CITY, ILLINOIS

NOBLE BROS.

AGRICULTURAL SEEDS

OF EVERY VARIETY

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

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BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

College of Liberal Arts

College of Music

College of Law

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The Illinois Wesleyan University maintains a Class "A" college and gives Pre-Medical, Pre-Engineering, Pre-Agricultural, Pre-Journalism, Pre-Law and Pre-Commerce Courses.

Great New Gymnasium

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Beautiful New Library

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The Busy Bee Confectionery



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THE HOUSE OF PURITY AND QUALITY

Home Made Candies

Delicious Ice Cream

Phone 84



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YOUR PHOTOGRAPH

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sold in fifteen years.

THE FORDSON TRACTOR

Over four hundred thousand built and
sold in six years.

A RECORD UNEXCELLED

THE CARSON MOTOR CO.

PAUL CARSON, Proprietor

GIBSON CITY STATE BANK

"THE BANK OF THE PEOPLE"

FOUR PER CENT INTEREST ON
SAVINGS DEPOSITS

"Graduation Means Situation"

BROWN'S BUSINESS COLLEGE

BLOOMINGTON



STAR STUDIO

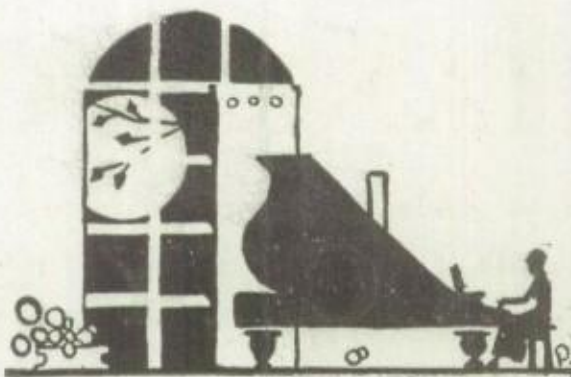
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place, any time.

¶ Mail us your films for developing.

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BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

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University of Wisconsin
University of Minnesota
University of Pittsburgh

University of Illinois
University of Alabama
St. Mary's College, Notre Dame
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PASTRY BAKED EVERY DAY**

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Agency for

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Shop Phone 498

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KNOW
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Phone 152

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Quality Coals

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Phone 17

E. D. MEANS

Cash Grocer

Phone 67

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Eyes Examined

Glasses Fitted

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"SERVICE AND SATISFACTION"

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**We also handle New and Used Cars. Call and
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TRY THIS DRUG STORE FIRST FOR

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**We carry complete lines of Sporting Goods for every season
of the year. We have the exclusive sale of the Winchester Line,
now the largest manufacturers of Sporting Goods in America.**

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